Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

READERS who like magazines will be pleased, those who do not like them perhaps distressed, to learn, if they are not already aware of it, that the magazine as we know it to-day is distinctly an American creation. They may stir, or soothe, their aroused emotions by considering that the magazine which began in England literally as a storehouse of miscellanies attained in mid-nineteenth century United States a dignity, a harmony, and a format which gave it preëminence among periodicals. *Harper's* and *The Century* in particular shared with Mark Twain and the sewing machine the honor of making America familiarly known abroad.

I do not wish to overburden this essay with history, but one of the reasons for the appearance of such a dominating medium in a comparatively unliterary country is relevant to the discussion to follow. The magazine of those days was vigorous. It was vigorous because, unlike other American publications, it was not oppressed by competition. Until the laws of international copyright were completed, the latest novels of the Victorians, then at their prime, could be rushed from a steamer, and distributed in editions which were cheap because no royalties had to be paid. Thackeray and Dickens could be sold at a discount, where American authors of less reputation had to meet full charges. And the like was true of poetry. But the magazine, like the newspaper, was not international; it was national at least in its entirety, and for it British periodicals could not be substituted. Furthermore,

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it could, and did, especially in its earlier years, steal unmercifully from England, so that a subscriber got both homebrew and imported for a single payment. Thus the magazine flourished in the mid-century while the American novel declined.

A notable instance of this vigor was the effect of the growing magazine upon the infant short story. Our American magazine made the development of the American short story possible by creating a need for good short fiction. The rise of our short story, after a transitional period when the earliest periodicals and the illustrated Annuals sought good short stories and could not get them, coincides with the rise of the family magazine. It was such a demand that called forth the powers in prose of the poet, Poe. And as our magazine has become the best of its kind, so in the short story, and in the short story alone, does American literature rival the more fecund literatures of England and Europe.

That a strong and native tendency made the American magazine is indicated by the effect of our atmosphere upon the periodical which the English have always called a review. Import that form, as was done for THE NORTH AMERICAN, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Forum*, or *The Yale Review*, and immediately the new American periodical begins to be a little more of a magazine, a little more miscellaneous in its content, a little less of a critical survey. Critical articles give place to memoirs and sketches, fiction or near fiction creeps in. There is always a tendency to lose type and be absorbed into the form that the mid-century had made so successful: a periodical, handsomely illustrated, with much fiction, some description, a little serious comment on affairs written for the general reader, occasional poetry, and enough humor to guarantee diversion. This is our national medium for literary expression—an admirable medium for a nation of long-distance commuters. And it is this "family magazine" I wish to discuss in its literary aspects.

The dominance of the family magazine as a purveyor of general literature in America has continued, but in our own time the species (like other strong organisms) has divided into two genres, which are more different than, on the surface, they appear. The illustrated *literary* magazine (the family magazine *par excellence*) must now be differentiated from the illustrated *journalistic* maga-

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zine, but both are as American in origin as the review and the critical weekly are English.

It was the native vigor of the family magazine that led to the Great Divergence of the 'nineties, which older readers will remember well. The literary historian of that period usually gives a different explanation. He is accustomed to say that the old-time "quality" magazines, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the rest, were growing moribund when, by an effort of editorial genius, Mr. McClure created a new and rebellious type of magazine, which was rapidly imitated. We called it, as I remember, for want of a better title, the fifteen-cent magazine. In the wake of *McClure's*, came *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies Home Journal*, and all the long and profitable train which adapted the McClurean discovery to special needs and circumstances.

I do not believe that this is a true statement of what happened in the fruitful 'nineties. *McClure's* was not, speaking biologically, a new species at all; it was only a mutation in which the recessive traits of the old magazine became dominant while the invaluable type was preserved. To speak more plainly, the literary magazine, as America knew it, had always printed news, matured news, often stale news, but still journalism. Read any number of *Harper's* in the 'seventies for proof. And, *pari passu*, American journalism was eagerly trying to discover some outlet for its finer products, a medium where good pictures, sober after-thoughts, and the finish that comes from careful writing were possible. *Harper's Weekly* in Civil War days, and later, was its creation.

And now it was happily discovered that the family magazine had a potential popularity far greater than its limited circulation. With its month-long period of incubation, its elastic form, in which story, special article, poetry, picture, humor could all be harmoniously combined, only a redistribution of emphasis was necessary in order to make broader its appeal. Mr. McClure journalized the family magazine. He introduced financial and economic news in the form of sensational investigations, he bid for stories more lively, more immediate in their interest, more journalistic than we were accustomed to read (Kipling's journalistic stories for example, were first published in America in *McClure's*.) He accepted pictures in which certainty of hitting the

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public eye was substituted for a guarantee of art. And yet, with a month to prepare his number, and only twelve issues a year, he could pay for excellence, and insure it, as no newspaper had ever been able to do. And he was freed from the incubus of "local news" and day-by-day reports. In brief, under his midwifery, the literary magazine gave birth to a super-newspaper.

Needless to say, the great increase in the number of American readers and the corresponding decline in the average intelligence and discrimination of the reading public had much to do with the success of the journalistic magazine. Yet it may be stated, with equal truth, that the rapid advance in the average intelligence of the American public as a whole made a market for a super-newspaper in which nothing was hurried and everything well done. The contributions to literature through this new journalism have been at least as great during the period of its existence as from the "quality" magazine, the contributions toward the support of American authors much greater. Like all good journalism, it has included real literature when it could get and "get away with it."

Birth, however, in the literary as in the animal world, is exhausting and often leaves the parent in a debility which may lead to death. The periodical essay of the eighteenth century bore the novel of character, and died; the Gothic tale of a later date perished of the short story to which it gave its heart blood. The family magazine of the literary order has been debile, so radical critics charge, since its journalistic offspring began to sweep America. Shall it die?

By no means. An America without the illustrated literary magazine, dignified, respectable, certain to contain something that a reader of taste can peruse with pleasure, would be an unfamiliar America. And it would be a barer America. In spite of our brood of special magazines for the *literati* and the advanced, which Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer praises so warmly, we are not so well provided with the distributive machinery for a national culture as to flout a recognized agency with a gesture and a sneer. But the family magazine has undeniably lost its vigorous appeal, and must be reinvigorated. The malady is due to no slackening of literary virility in the country; indeed there has probably not been so much literary energy in the country since the 'forties as now—not nearly so much. Nor is it due to a lack

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of good readers. Nor, in my opinion, to the competition of the journalistic magazine. The literary magazine does not compete, or at least ought not to compete, with its offspring, for it appeals either to a different audience or to different tastes.

Roughly stated, the trouble is that the public for these excellent magazines has changed, and they have not. Their public always was, and is, the so-called "refined" home public. Homes have changed, especially "refined" homes, and a new home means a new public.

The refined home nowadays has been to college. (There are a million college graduates now in the United States.) Forty years ago only scattered members had gone beyond the school. I do not propose to exaggerate the influence upon intelligence of a college education. It is possible, nay, it is common, to go through college and come out in any real sense uneducated. But it is not possible to pass through college, even as a professional amateur in athletics or as an inveterate flapper, without rubbing off the insulation here and there, without knowing what thought is stirring, what emotions are poignant, what ideas are dominant among the fraction of humanity that leads us. Refined homes may not be better or happier than they used to be, but if they are intellectual at all, they are more vigorously intellectual.

This means at the simplest that home readers of the kind I have been describing want stimulating food, not what our grandfathers used to call "slops." Sometimes they feed exclusively upon highly spiced journalism, but if they are literary in their tastes they will be less content with merely literary stories, with articles that are too solid to be good journalism, yet too popular to be profound, less content, in short, with dignity as a substitute for force.

What should be done about it specifically is a question for editors to answer. But this may be said. If the old literary omnibus is to continue, as it deserves, to hold the centre of the roadway, then it must be driven with some vigor of the intellect to match the vigor of news which has carried its cheaper contemporary fast and far. By definition it cannot embrace a cause or a thesis, like the weeklies, and thank Heaven for that! It is clearly unsafe to stand upon mere dignity, respectability, or cost. That way

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lies decadence—such as overcame the old Quarterlies, the Annuals, and the periodical essayists. Vigor it must get, of a kind naturally belonging to its species, not violent, not raucous, not premature. It must recapture its public, and this is especially the "old American" (which does *not* mean the Anglo-Saxon) element in our mingled nation.

These old Americans are not moribund by any means, and it is ridiculous to suppose, as some recent importations in criticism do, that a merely respectable magazine will represent them. A good many of them, to be sure, regard magazines as table decorations, and for such a clientele someone some day will publish a monthly so ornamental that it will be unnecessary to read it in order to share its beneficent influences. The remainder are intellectualized, and many of them are emancipated from the conventions of the last generation, if not from those of their own. These demand a new vitality of brain, emotion, and spirit in their literary magazine, and it must be given to them.

No better proof of all this could be sought than the renaissance in our own times of the reviews and the weeklies, probably the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of American publishing since the birth of yellow journalism. By the weeklies I do not mean journals like *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, *Vanity Fair*, which are merely special varieties of the typically American magazine. I refer, of course, to *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Freeman*, *The Weekly Review*, periodicals formed upon an old English model, devoted to the spreading of opinion, and consecrated to the propagation of intelligence. The success of these weeklies has been out of proportion to their circulation. Like the old *Nation*, which in a less specialized form was their predecessor, they have distinctly affected American thinking, and may yet affect our action in politics, education, and social relations generally. They are pioneers, with the faults of intellectual pioneers, over-seriousness, over-emphasis, dogmatism, and intolerance. Yet it may be said fairly that their chief duty, as with the editorial pages of newspapers, is to be consistently partisan. At least they have proved that the American will take thinking when he can get it. And by inference, one assumes that he will take strong feeling and vigorous truth in his literary magazines.

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The reviews also show how the wind is blowing. The review, so-called, is a periodical presenting articles of some length, and usually critical in character, upon the political, social, and literary problems of the day. The distinction of the review is that its sober form and not too frequent appearance enable it to give matured opinion with space enough to develop it.

Clearly a successful review must depend upon a clientele with time and inclination to be seriously interested in discussion, and that is why the review, until recently, has best flourished in England where it was the organ of a governing class. In America, an intellectual class who felt themselves politically and socially responsible, has been harder to discover. We had one in the early days of the Republic, when THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was founded. It is noteworthy that we are developing another now and have seen *The Yale Review*, the late lamented *Unpartisan Review*, *The Forum*, and others join THE NORTH AMERICAN, fringed, so to speak, by magazines of excerpt (of which much might be written), such as *The Review of Reviews*, *Current Opinion*, and *The Literary Digest*, in which the function of the review is discharged for the great community that insists upon reading hastily.

The review has come to its own with the war and reconstruction; which, considering its handicaps, is another argument that the family magazine should heed the sharpening of the American intellect. But, except for the strongest members of the family, it is still struggling, and still dependent for long life upon cheapness of production rather than breadth of appeal.

The difficulty is not so much with the readers as the writers. The review must largely depend upon the specialist writer (who alone has the equipment for specialist writing), and the American specialist cannot usually write well enough to command general intelligent attention. This is particularly noticeable in the minor reviews where contributions are not paid for and most of the writing is, in a sense, amateur, but it holds good in the magazines and the national reviews also. The specialist knows his politics, his biology, or his finance as well as his English or French contemporary, but he cannot digest his subject into words—he can think into it, but not out of it, and so cannot write accept-

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ably for publication. Hence in science particularly, but also in biography, in literary criticism, and less often in history, we have to depend frequently upon English pens for our illumination.

The reasons for this very serious deficiency, much more serious from every point of view than the specialists realize, are well known to all but the specialists, and I do not propose to enter into them here. My point is that this very defect, which has made it so difficult to edit a valid and interesting review (and so creditable to succeed as we have in several instances succeeded), is a brake also upon the family magazine in its attempt to regain virility. The newspaper magazines have cornered the market for clever reporters who tap the reservoirs of special knowledge and then spray it acceptably upon the public. This is good as far as it goes, but does not go far. The scholars must serve us themselves —and are too often incapable.

Editorial embarrassments are increased, however, by the difficulty of finding these intellectualized old Americans who have drifted away from the old magazines and are being painfully collected in driblets by the weeklies and the reviews. They do not, unfortunately for circulation, all live in a London, or Paris. They are scattered in towns, cities, university communities, lonely plantations, all over a vast country. Probably that intellectualized public upon which all good magazines as well as all good reviews must depend, has not yet become so stratified and homogeneous after the upheavals of our generation that a commercial success of journalistic magnitude is possible, but it can and must be found.

The success of *The Atlantic Monthly* in finding a sizable and homogeneous public through the country is interesting in just this connection. It has, so it is generally understood, been very much a question of *finding*—of going West after the departing New Englander and his children, and hunting him out with the goods his soul desired. One remembers the Yankee peddlers who in the old days penetrated the frontier with the more material products of New England, pans, almanacs, and soap. But an observer must also note a change in the character of *The Atlantic* itself, how it has gradually changed from a literary and political review, to a literary and social magazine, with every element of the familiar American type except illustrations and a profusion

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of fiction; how in the attempt to become more interesting without becoming journalistic it has extended its operations to cover a wider and wider arc of human appeal. It has both lost and gained in the transformation, but it has undoubtedly proved itself adaptable and therefore alive. This is not an argument that the reviews should become magazines and that the old-line magazine should give up specializing in pictures and in fiction. Of course not. It is simply more proof that vigor, adaptability, and a keen sense of existing circumstances are the tonics they also need. The weekly lacks balance, the review professional skill in the handling of serious subjects, the family magazine a willingness to follow the best public taste wherever it leads.

It has been very difficult in this discussion, which I fear has resembled a shot-gun charge rather than a rifle bullet, to keep the single aim I have had in mind. The history of the periodical in American literary thinking has not yet been written. The history of American literary thinking has not yet been written. The history of American literature has but just been begun. My object has been to put the spotlight for a moment upon the typical American magazine, with just enough of its environment to make a background. What is seen there can best be summarized by a comparison. The American weekly is like the serious American play of the period. It has an over-emphasis upon lesson, bias, thesis, point. The review is like much American poetry. It is worthy, and occasionally admirable, but as a type it is weakened by amateur mediocrity in the art of writing. The family magazine is like the American short story. It has conventionalized into an often successful immobility. Both must move again, become flexible, vigorous, or their date will be upon them. And the family magazine, the illustrated literary magazine, is the most interesting vehicle of human expression and interpretation that we Americans have created. With a new and greater success, it will draw all our other efforts with it. If it fails, hope for the interesting review, the well-balanced weekly, is precarious. If they all submerge, we who like to read with discrimination and gusto will have to take to books as an exclusive diet, or make our choice between boredom and journalism.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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HOW MUCH OPTIMISM DO WE NEED?

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

I

As a nation we take such delight in ourselves and our manifest destiny that we strike the uninitiated of other lands as a new species of the genus homo. "How can any creatures that are human be satisfied with such paltry achievements or hopeful about such a rotten world?" their amazed and scandalized eyes seem to question. We have gone sight-seeing through Europe not only contemptuous of the European but with a Gargantuan confidence in ourselves that has made us cartoon material for the world. We have welcomed the European to our shores with hearty superiority, though we have squirmed a bit at his remarks about us. Our amplitude of manner has kept his skepticism in suspense while we made good boast after boast that seemed to him impossible of accomplishment. He has seen miracles of the material world performed before his doubting eyes. The things we cannot do we have refrained from boasting about, not because we have consciously recognized them as beyond our capacities, but because they seemed too unimportant to mention. But the things we can do, we flaunt in the face of an outraged world. During the war the American troops shared with the British Colonials the tribute of an aghast wonder from the Europeans. Never had the European dreamed of such a swagger or of such certainty that the Germans could be annihilated at once if the troops from across the sea were given a free hand and the General Staff locked up while the fight was on. There was something engaging to the war-worn defenders of France in such confidence, but it was clear that an army like this needed to be tempered by the zero hour before it could become a driving power.

But is our optimism anything to be particularly complacent

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about? Has it any more intellectual content than the optimism of a baby sucking a bottle?

The European confesses that his basic philosophy is a despair of life, a sense of the futility of human effort or achievement, coupled with an acceptance of the universe; less self-conscious than that of Margaret Fuller to be sure, but doubtless more complete. His beliefs and unbeliefs have penetrated so far below the surface that they are no longer topics for genial conversation. They have become the pattern of his mind, as fundamental to his thinking as the concepts of time and space. To the seasoned European any other attitude is merely that of an inexperienced child or of a shallow nature. The increasing pressure of population, the narrowing horizon of possibilities, the monotony of the anchored life, have been accompanied by the dying down of the certainties and assurances which characterized the savage forbears of the present European when they poured in from the East, energized and palpitant with faith in themselves and their future. On such a substratum of conviction the European carries out his life, finding in religion or dissipation or cynicism or service the illusion of happiness by which he defends himself from the appalling truths of human fate.

But our people are still in the economic status of those savage Asiatic hordes. We are heirs to an under-populated country and the exploiters of a land of unexhausted natural resources. The community booster is the man who had the forest for his sawmill for the asking; the barker for "God's own country" is the rancher who pastured his sheep on the unfenced foothills of the Rockies; the enthusiast who knows that his town is the greatest little city in the world preëmpted the irrigation water of a thousand farms; and the slogan maker of "America for the Americans" lives fatly on the sale of coal mined by Hunkies. Yet each man thinks the whole secret of his success is his personal and national superiority to the peoples who infest the other parts of the earth.

Fences are serving as the first dim note of the prelude to national modesty. We must have actual physical evidences of our limitations before we can admit them even to ourselves, and the fence serves as well as anything else for a beginning. But until

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we are compelled to cultivate the rocky pastures of New England and the great deserts of the West we will not recover from our delirium and see ourselves as we really are. We look at our own abilities through a magnifying glass and those of the rest of the world through the wrong end of a telescope. Those little creatures, carrying on their paltry lives at an indefinitely remote distance, can hardly concern us, preoccupied as we are in our noisy, bustling way with the material activities of the moment. The things of the spirit, which lie obscurely back of the subject of our preoccupation in other lands and in the consciousness of other peoples, are of little interest or significance to us. We look radiantly upon our fertile fields, our rich vineyards, our snow-capped mountains and great rivers, and we almost think we made them. We give the Creator very little credit and would never think of admitting Him to our councils as to the best method of utilizing these natural glories. The lavish giver is apt to have his hand bitten; it is only when the dole is tentatively held out that gratitude enters into the relation or discrimination as to the use of the gift seems to be worth consideration. We found America; we made it what it is; it is ours; blessed be ourselves! There is only one God, Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. The matter is not open to argument, or even to discussion. To be sure, this is the worst of us; the best of us introduce a higher degree of subtlety into the premises; but the conclusions do not vary greatly.

Of course optimism is like steam pressure in the boiler, it is a source of energy; but if it is the result of reckless firing on the part of the engineer, or is utilized only to blow off the steam gauge, it is waste and not power. We may keep ourselves busy and our digestions functioning happily as a result of our exuberance, though the doctors tell us our circulatory system shows the strain and is already beginning to pay the penalty for a dilated imagination. But is not something else, as basic as the circulation, injuriously affected by living the lives of care-free children in an adult world? And moreover in a world which has just shared with us an experience which might well have shocked us into a sense of the insignificance of national differences in the presence of human likeness? Are our unexhausted resources

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evidence of our intrinsic superiority or a mere geographical accident? Though these resources seem unexhausted from the point of view of our national family, from the point of view of a perishing world are they not of right mortgaged to humanity? Are we anything but trustees for the fleeting treasures of the particular geological era in which we find ourselves?

There is an appeal in the coincidence that brings together the rich alluvial accumulation on our plains, the coal and mineral treasures sufficiently upheaved and eroded to allow our little race to pick out or blast them into the light of day, the mechanical devices of this electrical age, the new forms of organizing human society, the new social theories and experiments, the primitive passions of man struggling with new shibboleths, and you and me and our generation plunged into it all to make what we can of the mystery and do what we will with the possibilities. Our day has been long in coming and time will scarcely be at a premium after our day is done, wherefore it behooves us to get the full flavor of the experience while we still have the chance. We do not feel a thrill at the contemplation of our place in the geological sequences, we do not boast of the thermal stage of the sun in this twentieth century, we take no pride in our distance from the glacial period, but we do feel a profound fellowship with those human beings who happen upon the great adventure of life when we do. Of all the billions who have been and who will be in the long ages, these few share it with us; they are our environment, our inspiration, our destruction, as we are theirs. We can never be sufficiently grateful to them for providing such a variety of humanity for our delectation, radicals and conservatives, wise and ignorant, merry and grave, orthodox and free-thinkers, black, white and yellow. Our appreciation of these delicious differences, which strains to the breaking point all our hard-won capacities for tolerance, makes us feel that there is no real piquancy in inflicting any more pain upon our earth-companions than the necessities of living compel.

It might have been pleasant to shake Alexander the Great by the hand (or do him even greater violence), or to catch a glimpse of Cleopatra floating down the Nile under her gleaming canopies, or sit at the feet of Siddhartha, or see Chinese Gordon ride on his

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camel out into the Egyptian desert, or look in at the court of Louis XIV, or watch Pasteur give his first anti-rabic inoculation to the stolid Russian peasant; but a sojourner in the twentieth century can have his thrill in meditation on the reactions of Lloyd George, Lenine, Smuts, Hymans, Premier Hughes, and Pilsudski to the tremendous problems that confront this generation. These are our comrades, and yet we can only see them as through a glass darkly until we lay aside some of our easy optimism, until we admit to ourselves that perhaps this is not the best of all possible worlds, that human mastery of fate which recognizes the tragedy of existence is true moral victory, that faith in our destiny based on a good corn crop is an illusion and a snare, and that there may be more in heaven and earth than we have as yet dreamed of in our philosophy. Too long have we been content to fall back on nature's bounty, heedless of the fact that when she fails us, as fail us she surely must, we shall be left without a prop, with nothing between us and our shivering little souls but a memory of ancient glories. And even the memory of skyscrapers and bumper crops will not be very sustaining in the presence of a national realization that we are not the greatest people who ever lived and that we have not made this country the paradise we felt sure it was destined to be.

II

Culture is not a word we use freely in this country. It smacks of superiority. It is high-brow and effete. It seems to imply that there are differences between human beings, and that some have treasures which others have not. From the point of view of a philosophy of equality this is wholly objectionable. Yet culture is a good word and one we hate to see pushed out of our vocabulary. The only way to preserve it is to be as ruthless with it as the caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland* was with the words he employed. Make culture mean what you want it to mean, not allow yourself to be overborne by its efforts to continue to convey an idea its conservative ancestors left it in their will. So for my personal use culture may be defined as the true appraisement of one's own and humanity's capacities and attainments.

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Perhaps this type of culture is undesirable. It may not be worth striving for. Its possession might act like a ball and chain on the ankle of the fervid doer. To be hearty and sure and boastful is certainly more efficacious in the organization of quantity production and the development of gold mines. But to be deprived of the finer insight into motives; to miss the subtle analyses of what constitutes victory and defeat; never to recognize the beneficent diversity in the gifts of man, nor to perceive the delicate overtones of the human orchestra,—is to forfeit completeness as an individual or as a nation. Is the absence of this deeper sense of our human and cosmic relations the fundamental thing our people lack? Is not a culture based on dispassionate analysis of human values eternally beyond the attainment of a nation which persists in seeing a thousand shades of pink as primary red and is color blind to all other hues?

Who that has seen a group of rowdy young people off skylarking has felt anything but distaste for their joy? And yet theirs is a fervor which makes our pallid pleasures seem like the amusements of ghosts. There is a reality about their tumult that carries us back to the exuberant antics of our arboreal ancestors. Does our distaste measure the distance we have come from those jungle days, or is it deplorable evidence of the completeness with which our vital emotions have been bred out of us? A culture of discrimination would certainly tear from us this type of rapture. We would pay the penalty in a more measured happiness and a more present sorrow, but there might be compensations. We might cease to be cheerful in our consciousness of the tragedies of existence, but we would at the same time cease to be complacent about our temporary escape from them. We should be forced to look forward to increased restriction of life and imagination, but we could be learning to do so with dignity, and to prepare those who come after us to do likewise. We could train ourselves to take satisfaction in the vertical rather than the horizontal. We cannot joy forever in the physical presence and the mental exhilaration of boundless acres; we must accustom our feet and trim our imaginations to the twenty by thirty foot plot. One does not need to splash at a ten league canvas with brushes of comet's hair; a study of the atom offers as great an opportunity

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for the artist's imagination. It might even be that a reduction of effervescence, a more substantial national consciousness, would give a closer texture to our civilization, and a more subtle quality to our race.

There is a lovableness and attractiveness about optimism and self-confidence and assurance—for a time. Then it becomes tiresome and an affront. The facts of the case are so obviously ignored; the limitations to human capacity and the deeper significances in every situation are so imperfectly grasped. Why be so enthusiastic in the prospect of the population of your town passing the million mark inside of ten years? Why do you want to pass the million mark, anyway? How can one invite so terrible a disaster and then boast of it in addition? No one makes claim that his town has the profoundest religious feeling of all towns in the United States; no city ever announces that it has achieved an atmosphere which will develop more men of genius in a year than any other city of its size in the world; no village posts the fact that a larger proportion of its inhabitants know and love the birds than is true of any other village in the State. We brag about tall steeples, square feet of cement sidewalk, maximums and minimums in temperature, rapidity of railroad construction, plentiful supply of cheap labor, high wages to grave diggers, number of hogs per unit of population, absence of snow, the dryness or rain, number of women blacksmiths in the country, acres of pine turned annually into toothpicks, and we call this orgy of optimism 100% Americanism! If we could grow as eloquent about our conduct toward the negro; our treatment of those whose political theories are different from ours; our racial and religious antagonisms; the indifference of the well-to-do to the state of our public schools; the reckless destruction of our forests; our unconcern about insanitary housing; our industrial accident record; our maternity death-rate; our child-labor totals; our justice meted out to the rich and not to the poor; our casualness about the problem presented by the feeble-minded and the moral imbecile; the burden of fluctuations in industry borne by the wage earner; the recurring tragedy of unemployment; the horrors of prostitution,—we should perhaps not look out upon life so brightly as we do now, but we might more certainly set our

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house in order. There is no particular virtue in being cheerful about unimportant things when it distracts us from being determined about important ones.

If our slums are not so bad as those of Europe, it is not because of our booster campaigns but because European slums are older and so smell worse. There is no difference in the determining conditions lying back of both. The disregard of the rights of our fellow men and the blight of self-seeking are the same in the two cases. Our complacency only makes our failure the more shameful, for we might have been forewarned if we had been willing to admit that we had anything to learn from the experience of the old world. If our labor problems are not yet so acute as those of Europe it is not because of any superior innovations in industrial relations that we have devised, but because in a rapidly expanding country labor conditions are sufficiently elastic to allow of internal adjustment. As a matter of fact we shall probably have much more disastrous times than the Europeans, for our boundless hopes do not allow us to admit that there ever could be serious trouble. We shall drift upon the rocks, our eyes blinded by the dazzling rays of the sun we see shining across our path.

Optimism is a mental attitude that drowns out the subtler harmonies and disharmonies of life by its raucous tumult. In its atmosphere it is as impossible to feel the finer distinctions as to sit on the shore with a victrola horn at one's ear and expect to hear what the wild waves are saying. As the color of a star betrays its stage in the stellar cycle, so the intensity of a nation's optimism varies not in relation to the nation's spiritual capacities but inversely as its distance from the beginnings of its national life. In a spirit of optimism we can build railroads and open up new country. Can we as successfully cultivate those rarer fruits of human effort, the sciences and the arts? Shall we sometime attempt to pursue the things of the spirit with the same energy and boundless assurance that we construct skyscrapers and automobiles and sewing machines? And if we do, shall we be able to grasp them, or will they forever elude our eager outstretched hands?

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON.

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THE UNITED STATES OF INDIA

BY J. Z. HODGE

THE United States of India is the world's newest and most unexpected experiment in democracy. Without observation, but not without significance, the miracle has been wrought, and this ancient people after centuries of internal division and political childhood rises to the dignity of national self-consciousness. The "white man's burden" reverts back to the shoulders of the "Aryan brown." Long the fragile ward of Great Britain, now to a large extent mistress in her own house, India will do her own thinking and determine her own destiny, a junior partner, for the time being, in the family of nations that comprise the British Empire. The emergence of India in the arena of world politics is an event we dare not ignore. There is challenge as well as appeal in the new call of the East. Speaking at Cambridge University a year ago, Lord Meston, a distinguished Anglo-Indian statesman, summed up the situation in the following illuminating sentence: "India stands at the crossways, with feudalism behind her and untried democracy in front of her." Events have moved since then: the Legislative Assembly, or Indian Parliament, came into being on January 1, and from the same date the Provincial Legislative Councils took their place with the democratic administrations of the world.

The ordinary citizen of the West does not readily associate democracy with India. To him this old land of mystery and romance stands for the "mild Hindoo," the least assertive and most subservient of political mortals; for princes, rulers and "sun dried bureaucrats," lording it with ease and dignity over uncomplaining millions; for religious fanaticisms, spiritual dictatorships and the constant clash of conflicting creeds; for a weird, inexplicable system called Caste—"a social ladder on which every man kisses the feet of the man above him, and kicks the face of the man below him"; for dumb, patient peasants allied to

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a kindly soil, but exposed to drought and flood that too often spell famine; for sages, philosophers and ascetics who, far removed from the whirl of modern life, have lived on the uplands and witnessed to the supremacy of spirit; for sacred animals and sacred rivers, Juggernaut cars and fantastic processions; for picturesque Sikhs and sturdy Gurkhas who came to the help of Empire and surprised the Kaiser; for great soldiers like Henry Havelock and masterful administrators like Warren Hastings; for the Taj at Agra, by general consent the most beautiful building ever made by human hands, and the ruined Residency at Lucknow, where "ever upon the topmost roof the Banner of England blew"; for mutinies, intrigues, deceits, flatteries and fascinations; for idols, ghosts, superstitions, illiteracy, enslaved womanhood, contrasts and contradictions, subtle seditions and splendid loyalties, abounding wealth and grinding poverty; for snakes and mosquitoes, elephants and tigers, missionaries and officials, planters and tourists, the Ganges and the Himalayas, Tommy Atkins and "Kim." India as a picturesque appendix to Great Britain we have long known, but India politically alive and on the way to self-government is a new planet that swims into our ken.

India—a Nation! This is surely the greatest political miracle of modern times. For what is India? She is not a country but a sub-continent, comprising within her wide borders three hundred and twenty million people, three times the population of the United States of America, speaking 147 languages and dialects and presenting as marked divergences of race, religion, custom and civilization as are to be found on the continent of Europe. Under the dominance of Caste she represents 2,378 separate blocks of humanity having no essential dealings with each other in the great human relationships of dining and marrying. What hope is there for democracy in a soil like this where the doctrine that "men are born free and equal" is negatived at every turn? This surely is the miracle, that patriotism has found a way of bridging gaps that seemed eternal and lighting up these separate human blocks with the glory of a common citizenship. The Motherland—the name her children love to give her—has asserted herself, and her sons and daughters respond; the day has

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dawned when the meanest native of Hindustan may lift his head unashamed and say, "I am an Indian." India's rise to national self-consciousness is an impressive study, but it will be sufficient here to recall the outstanding landmarks.

We shall be safe to begin with 1836. It was then that the momentous decision was made to introduce the teaching of English into India and to open the gates to Western education. Lord Macaulay's minute in this connection ranks as one of the decisive documents of history. The seeds of democratic institutions were sown then, and the following passage from Macaulay reads like fulfilled prophecy now: "It may be that the public mind of India will expand under our system until it has outgrown that system; that by good government we can educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that having become instructed in European knowledge they may in some future day demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I do not know. But never will I attempt to avert or retard it; whenever it does come, it will be the proudest day in English history." That day has come. There is, of course, the other side to the shield, and Mr. Gandhi—one of India's greatest and most perplexing sons—regards the introduction of English education as the beginning of his country's degradation.

Our next landmark is 1857–8. It marks the dark days of the Mutiny and the transfer of government to the British Crown. India had become too big a proposition to be run by a Company. The royal proclamation of November 1, 1858, is meet to rank with Magna Charta, and the following passage has provided sanction and inspiration for many an eloquent Indian oration: "It is further our will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity to discharge." The Indianization of the public services is an older slogan than Home Rule.

We pass on to the Russo-Japanese War, which vindicated the right and demonstrated the ability of the Orient to stand up to the Occident. When Japan conquered Russia she opened a door of hope for all Asiatic peoples, and the effect in India was

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widespread and profound. Here, if anywhere, we light on the exciting cause of the National movement: the real cause lies in the natural evolution of a great people, fostered in the main by the generous spirit of British administration, fed by the constant inflow of western ideas, strengthened by the untiring efforts of patriots like Gokhale, Surendra Nath Bannerjee and others, and enriched by the sanctions of the Christian Gospel. It is a short cry from the Russo-Japanese War to the World War which determined decisively India's place in the sun. Her contribution in men, money and munitions will rank with that of any of the Allied Nations, and her chivalrous bearing during these years of conflict won for her the admiration of the world. The war did not create India's fitness for a larger measure of responsible government: it revealed it. "They are worthy for whom we should do this" might well serve as the preamble to the historic statement of British policy in regard to India made in the House of Commons on August 20, 1917: "The increasing association of Indians in every branch of administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire."

We light on our last landmark in the Government of India Act of 1919, under which the British Parliament laid the foundations of a new Constitution for India. The inauguration of the new Legislatures by the Duke of Connaught at the beginning of the present year completed the structure and paved the way for the exercise of responsible government. Under her new Constitution India possesses a central government consisting of the Viceroy and his Executive Council, and a Legislature of two Chambers—the Council of State of 33 elected and 27 nominated members, and the Legislative Assembly of 103 elected and 41 nominated members. Differences of opinion between the two Chambers will be decided in joint sittings. The Legislative Assembly will be the House of Commons of India. She also possesses Provincial Legislatures. There are eight Governors' Provinces, each with a Governor and Executive Council, appointed by His Majesty, and a Legislative Council of elected and nominated members as follows:

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Madras	Elected	98	Nominated	29
Bombay	"	86	"	25
Bengal	"	113	"	26
United Provinces	"	100	"	23
Punjab	"	71	"	22
Bihar and Orissa	"	76	"	27
Central Provinces	"	36	"	32
Assam	"	39	"	14

It will be observed that these Councils have a marked preponderance of elected members, and herein they mark an immense advance on the pre-reform Councils. The following smaller provinces will be administered by Chief Commissioners: North West Frontier Province, Delhi, British Baluchistan, Ajmere-Merwara and Coorg; and Burmah will formulate her own scheme of reform. An Indian Province resembles an American State, but is vaster. Bengal, for example, equals the British Isles in population, and Bihar and Orissa, whose first Governor, Lord Sinha, is an Indian, has as many people as France.

These Provincial Legislative Councils have made a brave beginning. The Bombay Council has already decided to extend the franchise to women! The myth of the "unchanging East" is surely in danger.

Before India's new political day could begin many stubborn barriers had to be surmounted. Chief among these was the existence of separate communities—Hindus proper, Moslems, Outcastes, Sikhs, Christians, etc.—all clamoring for recognition. To meet the exigencies of the situation the principle of communal representation was adopted and special constituencies based on communal rather than geographical grounds were created. Widespread illiteracy was another difficult hurdle. Roughly speaking, only 12 per cent of the people are literate, and the framing of an acceptable franchise was therefore a difficult proposition. After much discussion—the whole reform scheme was born of much discussion—it was finally conferred on males over 21 years of age, possessing certain residential and tax paying qualifications that have been generally approved. The standard is low enough to include the average farmer and the better class artisan. It lets loose an army of six million voters.

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The Government of India Act does not confer complete self-government; but it makes it possible within the next quarter of a century. While the provinces have practical autonomy in matters of local import, within the Central Parliament the Executive is still to a large extent all powerful, and the division of administration into the two great departments of "Reserved" and "Transferred" subjects is an expedient dictated by caution and the exigencies of a lopsided situation. In matters relating to the defense of the country, maintenance of law and order, tariffs, land revenue and Imperial affairs, the Executive will still have the decisive say, although from now onward Indian public opinion speaking through its elected representatives will be able to express itself in no uncertain manner on these matters of high moment. Then, under "Transferred" subjects Indians will have effective control over education, industries, agriculture, sanitation, coöperative credit, local government bodies and public works. Briefly, the everyday work of government is now in Indian hands, Indian minds will largely frame the laws of the future, popular bodies will have a say in the control of the purse, and government will more and more conform to the will of the people.

It has to be remembered that the Reform Act does not apply to the territories under the rule of native princes; roughly, two-fifths of India. In these States for the most part feudalism still prevails and democracy is hardly in favor; but the omens indicate that these ancient aristocracies will in due course follow the lead of British India. Then will Lord Meston's vision splendid be nobly realized: "This great sub-continent of the future, comprising many daughter powers, varying in their political status as in their natural gifts, vying with each other in the growth of a new Eastern civilization, at one in their common allegiance to the British Crown—the United States of India." It is a kindling ideal.

These Indian reforms have been violently assailed from two opposing camps, those who hold they go too far, and those who hold they do not go far enough. But they have commended themselves to men of good-will in Britain as in India, and there is a general desire to give this great adventure in democracy a fair chance. Great Britain's record in India is open to the world, and

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he who reads will find much to criticise, notably in the pages that relate to "Amritsar"; but the record stands. Let an Indian publicist sum it up. Speaking recently in Chicago Mr. Rustom Rustomjee, of Bombay, said: "To have found a continent as big as Europe without Russia, three times as populous as the United States, torn by constant internecine strife, without peace or settled government, and then to have transformed it within three generations into a well governed, peaceful, prosperous, democratic commonwealth of Indian nations, is an achievement without parallel in the history of mankind."

It would be rash, however, to imagine that the millennium had dawned in India, or that this great sub-continent had been made finally safe for the British Empire. There are at least two menacing movements on foot whose ultimate trend no one can foresee. First, there is the Khalifat or Mohammedan agitation, born of the blow to Moslem prestige inflicted by the World War, fanned into fierce flame by the seeming hardness of the terms of the peace treaty with Turkey, and embittered by the alleged broken promises of British statesmen. It is without doubt fed from Turkish and Bolshevik sources, whose hatred of Great Britain is implacable, and it derives immense prestige from its alliance with Indian Nationalism. Seventy million sullen and disillusioned Moslems within her gates are an embarrassing heritage to India as she emerges beyond the crossways; but let us take comfort in the fact that Mohammedan India played the game during the war.

The other movement is difficult to define; but its significance can hardly be over-estimated. Headed by one of the most amazing and masterful personalities in the world to-day—M. K. Gandhi—it makes a direct appeal to the heart of India and breathes the spirit of revolution. Called the "non-violent, non-coöperation movement" it has for its immediate object the securing of complete self-government before the end of 1921 by the application of a comprehensive policy of boycott; but it stands for something bigger than that: it aims at the setting up of an Eastern civilization, and issues a challenge to the dominion of the West. It is the uprising of the soul of India. It assumes that the West is material and the East spiritual; it protests

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against railways, factories and hospitals as emblems of an alien civilization whose blighting influence must be stayed, and urges with vehemence a return to primitive simplicity as exemplified by forgotten sages and preached by modern prophets like Tolstoy and Ruskin; it voices the current discontents of the time and thereby casts a wide net; it stands for "soul force" as opposed to material might, and stoops to conquer by "passive resistance." Patriotism—for the time being the religion of educated India—plays an important part in the movement and the "Indianization of India" is an attractive slogan. Largely through the restraining influence of Mr. Gandhi the movement is not yet distinctly racial, but it is heading that way, and therein lies danger. On the other hand, this new Eastern civilization with its emphasis on the things of the spirit and its insistence on the Gospel of Self Help may prove a blessing to mankind. Meanwhile, it calls for vigilance and understanding.

The new India brings her old problems into the light of day; but the caller air of a new time plays upon them and gives promise of healing. Caste under the discovery of brotherhood must relax, custom unbend, and religious animosities soften; social reform, now blessed with elbow room, will hasten the abolition of early marriage, of the seclusion of women and enforced widowhood; the goal of free and compulsory education must be steadily sought; the natural resources of the country must be developed, and India's industrial age, now opening, protected at the same time from the evils of Western industrialism—India may lead the way in the "humanizing of industrialism"; the spectre of famine and poverty must be laid by the wise spread of the cooperative credit movement, the introduction of better methods of farming, the cultivation of cottage industries and the extension of irrigation; mutual trust among her peoples must be established, and the reproach of her fifty million "untouchables" be removed.

The "United States of India" is no small proposition. Happily, though danger clouds threaten, the auguries are on the whole auspicious. The appointment of Lord Reading as Viceroy was one of Lloyd George's happiest inspirations. As a former Lord Chief Justice of England he carried East with him the maj-

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esty of law, in India a strong and enduring sentiment. Was it not a lawyer of Bengal who, when questioned by an apprehensive tourist, "What would you do if the Russians invaded India?" made the historic and unanswerable reply, "Sir, I would appeal to the High Court"? Apart from religious animosities that may flame into bloodshed, and acute agrarian situations that may end in riot, India is essentially a law-abiding country, and this widespread regard for law and order, while it may not avert a stampede among the masses, will undoubtedly exercise a steadying influence. Lord Reading, be it further noted, is rallying to the side of the new Government the forces of moderate opinion, European as well as Indian, and thereby creating a breakwater of informed thinking against which the forces of extremism may break but not prevail.

Another singularly happy choice was the selection of A. F. Whyte, as President of the Indian Legislative Assembly. He is handling with understanding, tact and success the business of the Indian Parliament and helping to win for that body a distinguished place among the legislative assemblies of the world. We do well to remember also that while all Indians revere Gandhi the patriot saint, all Indians do not follow Gandhi the politician. In this old land, seething as it is with new life, the man of moderate views is not to be despised. He holds the key to the situation, and he is prepared to give the present system of government a fair chance.

Another important consideration from the standpoint of the British connection is the sentiment of kingship, deep-seated in the Indian mind. The Rajput, India's traditional fighting man, craves no higher glory than to die for his King on the field of battle; and the peasant, however suspicious he may be of Mr. Lloyd George, sleeps well in the great consciousness that he is a subject of King George.

Great Britain may still cast anchor in the good-will of the Indian peasant, and find her anchor hold. It is quite true that the apostles of non-coöperation are taking advantage of the present high pressure of living to sow the seeds of discontent, and the "credulous mass" is for the time being agitated and disturbed; but I think the mood will pass. The peasant is half

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awake and doubtful about Home Rule. Under the British Raj he has enjoyed security of tenure and impartial justice; he has wit enough to recognize the value of railways, law courts, good roads, coöperative banks, hospitals, settled government and post offices,—he is the greatest user of post cards in the universe, —and his love for foreign cloth will survive many boycotts; his faith in the governing capacity and working honesty of his educated brethren is somewhat thin, and on the whole he is content with things as they are, provided prices fall and he is left undisturbed to till his fields.

Nor is it just to dismiss Mr. Gandhi as a dangerous and headstrong revolutionary who is impervious to reason and sees no path but his own. His sincerity and patriotism are unquestioned, and here surely we may strike common ground. He has more than once proved himself a man of affairs who knows when and how to compromise, and I hazard the view that he and Lord Reading will yet arrive at an understanding that will be honorable to both. India has need of all her sons in these tremendous days. There remains one last reflection in this connection: Great Britain can hold India only with the good-will of the people, and that good-will she has not yet forfeited. She never has and never could hold this great sub-continent by the sword alone. In round numbers, leaving out the Eurasians, who muster 100,000, there are not more than 200,000 Europeans (of whom 75,000 are British soldiers) in all India, a proportion of 1 to 1,600. Surely good-will, fair dealing, justice, service, and elbow-room plus humility will make India safe for the Empire against all comers.

Where does America come in? It is worth recalling that the myth of the wealth of India started Columbus on his momentous voyage of discovery that ended in America, and it is America's turn now to discover India. Apart however, from sentimental grounds, there are certain material reasons why the United States should keep track of these fast moving events in the Middle East. Indian public opinion strongly inclines to a revision of her fiscal policy, hitherto free trade, and we may take it for granted that a modified tariff will be instituted in the near future, in which event American imports which are valuable and considerable are likely to be adversely affected. Again, the burning

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of foreign cloth in Bombay, under Mr. Gandhi's policy of boycott, leads to the reflection that the raw material from which these articles were manufactured probably came from America, where anything that bears adversely on the cotton industry is not to be treated lightly. The emergence of India has also a direct bearing on the thorny problem of Asiatic immigration. Happily the Indian himself is not much given to emigration, but he will demand a hearing when the question arises in the forum of world politics; for the educated Indian is determined to remove the reproach of inferiority from his brethren. Nor must the importance of India from the standpoint of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance be overlooked. With India disturbed, and in the mind of some hastening to revolution, it would be an act of folly for Great Britain to give up that Alliance unless something more comprehensive and enduring can be guaranteed in its place.

Finally, the United States of America has a still higher stake in the future well-being of this new democracy in the Middle East. During the last century and up to this present a noble succession of devoted men and women have left her shores to spend their lives in the service of India. Heralds of the Christian Gospel, bearers of the torch of education, healers of the sick and succourers of the needy, they belonged in the truest sense to the high order of nation-builders, and to-day their work appears. Mission stations, hospitals, orphanages, schools and colleges—against such there is no law and no Monroe Doctrine—have revealed the true America to India and built up for her a reputation that commercialism and moving pictures have impaired but not undermined. Behind the Indian Nation throbs the Indian Church, in the creation of which American missionaries and American churches have had a worthy share. Here we light on the supreme import of the United States of India—an Indian Church, an Eastern interpretation of Christianity, and the possible passing of the spiritual leadership of the World from the West to the East.

J. Z. Hodge.

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BUSINESS AND AGRICULTURE

BY E. T. MEREDITH
Ex-Secretary of Agriculture

I AM asked "What is the matter with business as viewed from an agricultural standpoint?" My answer is, "A lack of orders, due to the reduced purchasing power of the farmer."

It is commonplace in this country to say that agriculture is fundamental. Everyone seems to recognize it. Yet few seem to feel, as indicated by their lack of active interest, that it is of importance that no serious harm come to agriculture, that prices of farm products be stabilized, and that every reasonable facility be furnished to agriculture.

The farmers of the nation prepared the ground, sowed the seed and harvested the crop of 1920, under conditions calling for high-priced labor, high-priced equipment, expensive facilities. In fact, all expenses were comparable with those of the previous year. Yet they were obliged to take for this crop, which was a larger crop than that of the year previous, some five billions of dollars less. The business man, whether he be manufacturer, banker, insurance man, railroad man or what not, may be so busy with his own affairs, both business and social, that he gives but passing thought to this situation, and sweeps it aside with the statement that "the law of supply and demand is inexorable." He devotes many hours to borrowing money, to worrying about reducing expenses, in many cases goes through the hands of a receiver to straighten out his affairs, while all this might have been largely avoided had he devoted sufficient time in the interest of agriculture to prevent the hardships that have come to that calling.

Laboring men in all walks of life have complained because of the high cost of living, and have urged that the cost of living must be reduced, not stopping to realize that they could better afford to pay $1.75 for wheat while steadily employed in some manufacturing plant at seven dollars a day than to pay seventy-five cents for

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wheat while out of employment. Since the first of January last it has been reported that there are three million idle men in the United States. It is likely that they are now worrying not so much about the high cost of living as about the problem of finding employment that will offer them any living at all.

Farmers in some cases have been obliged to forfeit land upon which they have made substantial payments; others have been obliged to make up the difference between actual cost of production and the price received for the products of their labor, out of their capital. Many renters have been obliged to move from the farm, bankrupt, because of the losses occasioned by the slump in prices. Certainly when the business man, laboring man and farmer are all affected, the problem is mutual, and it is no more the problem of one than another, and attention given to the problem is no more in the interest of the farmer than of the other two classes.

Granted that the high prices prevailing during the war had to be reduced, the question is whether they should be reduced at one stroke, with the consequent hardship that comes to business, labor and agriculture, or whether this reduction should be brought about in an orderly way, giving each interest time to adjust itself. I am not asked to decide as between the two policies, but only to discuss what is the matter with business at present.

Granted that some method had been devised to reduce the price of farm products gradually, and that we had reduced the value of the 1920 crop but a billion dollars instead of five billion, giving the farmer for last year's crop four billion dollars more than the amount he received at the prevailing prices, what would have been the situation? There are 6,500,000 farms in the United States, upon which are engaged thirteen million men. These farms are, in effect, 6,500,000 separate manufacturing plants, needing woven wire fence, tractors, trucks, windmills, homes with all their equipment, clothing, shoes, lumber for barns, tile for drainage, steel for a thousand different purposes. These plants do as other plants do, namely, buy equipment when they have money to pay for it. Business is but an exchange or a trade of one article of commerce for another article of commerce. The farmer trades his wheat or his corn for a tractor, a truck or other

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equipment, and the fact that one man buys the wheat and pays for it in dollars, the farmer using the money to pay for the tractor, does not essentially change the situation. Will anyone deny that had the farmer four million orders to place, for a thousand dollars each,—had property in the way of agricultural products been valued at four billion dollars more than they were valued,—he would have delayed making these trades?

If anyone of us could act as purchasing agent for the farmers of the nation, and had to-day four million orders for a thousand dollars each to place with the manufacturers of shoes, clothing, implements, trucks, tractors, automobiles, etc., every idle man in America would be put to work manufacturing the goods with which to fill these orders, and the manufacturers would have many orders to place with other business concerns for raw material and equipment. The business men of the nation, whose profits are only a charge for the service they render in connection with making these exchanges between agriculture and labor, would have orders. The business man with orders could pay his banker; labor employed would patronize the retailer; the retailer would buy of the jobber and manufacturer, and "business" would be in a very different situation. The lost labor of three million idle men, and the profits business men did not make on orders not received, would be traded for the farmer's crops. Were the trades made, the farmer would be benefited by the extra equipment, labor would be employed in making it, and business men would profit in making the exchanges. Some may urge that the farmer still has had a large income to spend. Certainly he has, but he does as the rest of us do, "slows up" when business is poor; and he has slowed up. He feels poorer than he really is, and business must wait until he gets adjusted.

We are told that the closing of European markets is the cause of the present situation. This may have and undoubtedly has had some influence on the situation, but this is not the first time that harm coming to agriculture has led to resultant harm to business. If the closing of foreign markets is the one and only cause of the present situation, what was the cause of the depression of 1893, and other similar uncertain times? The facts are that less than twenty per cent of our total agricultural products are exported.

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Exports of crops have fallen as low as 11% and meats several times to 5% of the year's production. If we export from last year's crop an excess of one hundred million bushels of wheat, there would be considerable question as to whether we would have sufficient for our own needs and proper reserve. The visible supply of wheat at this time is the lowest in eighteen years, the supply in country and terminal elevators being less than one-half what it was one year ago.

Agriculture is fundamental, and it follows that we are anxious to keep upon the farms a contented, prosperous citizenship, giving them an American standard of living, which means cost of production plus enough to keep the children in school. Why, then, should we permit the small exportable surplus of our agricultural products to come in competition in Liverpool with the Russian peasant's wheat, with wheat from the Balkan States, with Australian wool, permitting the sale of this small per cent to force a price which bankrupts our farmers by so greatly reducing the price of the large portion we consume in this country? If the law of supply and demand is the controlling factor, why should we not give some attention to the question of our domestic needs; the amount that the world will accept from us at cost of production plus a reasonable profit, and then in some way regulate the production to meet the demand? Why continue to produce such a quantity of a given crop that because of its production we come to harm? What is the advantage to the farmer of the South, to the retail business man who hopes to sell to him, to the jobber who hopes to sell to the retailer, to the northern manufacturer who hopes to sell to the jobber, to the laboring man in the factory who hopes for employment, to have produced in this country a crop of cotton larger than we need for ourselves, the surplus of which the world will not accept at cost of production, with the result that not the surplus alone but the whole crop must be sold at a price that means hardship to the producing farmer, the man with whom the business starts? Is it not a travesty, if the statement made in dispatches is true, that there are likely to be ten thousand deaths in the South, due to the fact that the farmers have no money and cannot buy the necessities of life, and yet have cotton, which would be a Godsend, not alone to the people of Europe, but

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to the three million men now idle in the United States? There may be closed markets in Europe, and undoubtedly are, but there is a very great, unfilled, potential market in the United States. Three million idle men and their families would find need for much cotton if the men were engaged in gainful labor.

I am not suggesting that we should reduce production. I am heartily in favor of maximum production, the largest possible output of necessities and luxuries. But I am suggesting that we should have a balanced production, and if the world will not absorb, at the cost of production plus a profit, our cotton, our wheat, our wool or our corn, then we should produce of these crops enough to meet our domestic needs, absorbing it at a price that brings to the producer cost of production plus a profit, and devote the balance of our time and our energies to producing other crops or articles that the world will absorb, or that this country may absorb to the advantage of its citizenship.

A family of ten brothers would certainly not manufacture any article, chairs for instance, which it was obliged to sell for three-fourths of what it actually cost to produce. If there was a market for the product of but seven of the brothers at a profit, these brothers might continue manufacturing chairs, but the other three brothers would probably look for some other source of income. Each business man regulates his production by what he can sell at a profit, given normal conditions. It is natural and possible that these decisions should be made by individuals, corporations, or co-partnerships engaged in business. Why should they not be made by the larger family, the 110,000,000 people of the United States?

Decisions for the whole people can be made only through our Government, and it might be possible for us to influence a balance production by our Government's fixing one year in advance, for the following year's crops, the minimum price it will guarantee on five articles, wheat which is bread, wool and cotton which are clothing, corn which is meat, and sugar of which we import a very large quantity. Human nature is about the same the country over, and the hope of a profit will move men to engage in an enterprise offering such profit. The prospect of a loss or but scant profit will discourage them from engaging in an enterprise. We

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know the approximate quantity of the five mentioned crops necessary to meet our domestic needs. The Department of Agriculture has made very careful studies as to the cost of production. A price can be fixed upon wheat which will permit enough farmers to engage in its production to give us six hundred million bushels, if that be our needs. A higher price will let in additional farmers, farmers not so fortunately situated as those who could produce profitably at the lower price, to give us a total production of seven hundred million bushels. A still higher price will give us a still larger production. With the prices announced one year in advance, if it were deemed desirable to curtail production of a given crop, a reduction in the guaranteed price of the article of which we had a surplus and an increase in the price of the one of which we wished to increase production would discourage a certain percentage of farmers from raising the one crop and result in the desired lessened production, and increase the production of the other crop of which we had a shortage. We might, at times, find the Government with a small portion of a given crop on hand, not absorbed by our own people or the export market, and in that case the whole people would absorb the surplus through the Government as a problem of mutual interest, handling it so as not to bring harm to the people who produced the crop, thus permitting business to go along without a jar. In this situation the price the following year on that particular crop would be reduced in order to reduce production. After a few years' experience with necessary adjustments of prices we would get to a stable basis. Some may say this would be wholly in the interest of the farmer. Such do not agree that agriculture is fundamental. We ask the farmer as a class to continue production. The interests of the whole nation demand that we have a sustained agricultural production. They cannot as a class go out of business, an option the individual business man has; therefore the farmer should be given some assurance as to what the price of his produce will be one year hence. He plants a year in advance. There is no suggestion of guaranteed profit. He still has the hazard of weather, disease, insects and management.

Individually the farmer of course makes decisions regarding the crops he will plant, but because as an individual he can have but a

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narrow view of the domestic and world's needs this does not meet the situation.

I grant that the Government cannot buy, at the end of the harvest, the twenty billions of dollars worth of agricultural products produced annually upon our farms. The Government could not possibly receive and distribute these products, thereby taking the place of thousands of business men. This would not be desirable, even though it were possible. Therefore, the Government would agree to buy only the surplus crop, that portion left over after the consumption year. The price of wheat for the crop of 1922 would be fixed in the summer of 1921, the crop harvested in 1922, and any surplus bought August 1, 1923. During the time between harvest in 1922 and August, 1923, the people of the nation will need wheat. Granted that the price is fixed at $1.75. No farmer will sell his wheat for one dollar per bushel. He will inform any would-be purchaser that he will keep it until the date the Government has agreed to take it, that the only discount he will allow will be the carrying charges. In the meantime, the people of the United States must eat and the millers must furnish the flour. As a consequence the millers must have wheat and they will pay the farmers the price fixed by the Government. At the end of the consumption year, when the Government proposes to make good its offer and says to John Smith, farmer, that it is ready to buy his ten thousand bushels of wheat, Mr. Smith will inform the Government that he has sold his wheat and that it has long since been eaten by the people of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, who exchanged for it services which the farmer desired in the way of manufactured products, transportation, household equipment, calling for the employment of labor and transactions which we term "business."

In the meantime, we have given the farmer conditions under which he can plan his work. He can determine for himself whether he can produce wheat at the price offered, this price being designed to permit the number which is necessary to produce the volume desired to engage in the growing of wheat. The farmer who could not grow at the price offered would not grow wheat, but would grow wool or some crop more suited to his situation, and that is what we desire in this effort to regulate in

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some way the supply of agricultural products so as to meet the demand but not to exceed it to such an extent that we shall all come to harm. Prices could be fixed by a committee of Cabinet officers, representing labor, business and agriculture, advised by a corps of statisticians as to the cost of production, the consumption needs of our own country, world markets, etc. The price is only a minimum guarantee, the farmer receiving any higher price offered because of world shortage or other unusual conditions.

There is from day to day fluctuation in the price of grains and meats. Farmers rightfully complain bitterly because of this. A guaranteed minimum by the Government would largely remove speculation and fluctuations except for natural causes, such as world shortage because of some calamity.

Statistics showing the production of our farms per acre for the past fifty years show a surprising parallel between commercial failures and reduced revenue to the farmers, and a corresponding reduction in failures when the farmer has taken, not necessarily the largest crop in volume, but the crop that has returned him the largest amount in dollars, which in practically every case is on the whole the same thing. The failures for the country are more than doubled when agriculture is depressed, as against the number when the farmer is in good circumstances. Certainly this indicates a very close relationship between business and agriculture. Laboring men recognize that when business is bad and failures are common, labor is unemployed, and if a reduced revenue to the farmer or the production of a crop by him at an actual loss results in stagnation of business and failure to the business man, the laboring man is as much interested as the business man.

Answering again what is the matter with business from an agricultural standpoint, I would say that it is a lack of orders to the amount of four billion dollars, four million orders of a thousand dollars each, which the farmers of this country have not placed during the past year because we took this value out of their crops and they are simply so much short in the value of the tangible property which they have to trade for the wares of the business man. If the farmers of the country decide to reduce expenses one dollar and a quarter a day (and they have), it means four hundred and fifty dollars a year for each farm; on 6,500,000 farms

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this means $3,000,000,000, or three million orders of one thousand dollars each. It is the new wealth the farmer takes from the soil, twenty billion dollars a year, that forms the basis of business.

Manufactured products must in most cases be imported into this country to come into competition in our domestic market. Tariff will not prevent wheat being offered in Liverpool by Russian peasants or farmers of the Balkans; tariff will not keep cotton grown by coolies of India from being offered in Manchester. Our surplus wheat and our cotton must meet their price and this price governs the whole crop. If protection is desirable in the case of manufacturing, why is it not important to adopt some system that will actually protect the farmer and prevent the small surplus from fixing the price on the whole, tariff or no tariff?

We recognize railroads to be of the utmost importance, and we guarantee a reasonable return on their capital and tax ourselves to meet it. This may be wise, but if so, why do we dismiss help for agriculture as socialistic and "subsidy," and consider direct contributions to the railroads to be good business?

Matters may be adjusted by labor getting back to the old basis, by business men reducing their profits in order that the merchandise which the farmer is interested in purchasing shall represent something like a fair exchange in value for the products of his labor; or we can get back by increasing the price of farm crops so that the labor represented in a number of bushels of wheat or pounds of cotton sufficient to purchase a pair of shoes, a gasoline engine, or a dining-room table, may more nearly correspond with the amount of labor necessary to produce those articles. Had the business men of America interested themselves before rather than after the fact, we might have adjusted ourselves gradually; there might have been an avoidance of the failures, the bankruptcies and the hard times. We do not seem to have learned our lesson when calamity formerly came to agriculture. It is too late to prevent the hardship that has come at this time; but shall we not profit by our lesson and work out some plan which will prevent its recurrence?

E. T. Meredith.

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RURAL REGENERATION

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

About sixteen years ago there began in the United States an awakening of the national conscience, at the reckless exploitation of the national resources of that land of promise for the enrichment of the financiers of the present generation to the utter disregard of future generations. President Roosevelt launched his famous Conservation policy which was intended to check the waste. Thought had not gone far upon the problem when a railway king, the late James J. Hill, delivered a remarkable lecture to a body of farmers in Minnesota. He laid particular stress upon the exhaustion of the fertility of the soil, but he drew an interesting distinction between this form of wastage, which admitted of replacement, and the using up of mineral resources, which was much more serious than was generally appreciated and which was irreparable. Among the effects of this pronouncement was the supplementing by President Roosevelt of his Conservation policy by his Country Life policy, and some of those in his confidence called his attention to work being done in Ireland upon its rural problem. He asked me to confer with him on this subject, and I was glad to find that our ideas upon it were identical. We agreed that, quite apart from the more obvious reasons for helping the farmer which appealed to him quite as much as they did to me, even looking at the matter from the purely urban—still more from the broadest national—point of view, rural neglect was fraught with the greatest economic, social and political consequences.

The economic reasons relate to the interdependence of town and country, of which two aspects may be mentioned: first, the greater volume of internal than foreign commerce, and second, the essential importance of rural prosperity as a factor in financial stability—the most striking illustration being the way in which the thrift and industry of the French peasantry seem to

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save France from financial crises which many people think would otherwise be as frequent as political upheavals.

Our most interesting discussions were upon the political value of the rustic mind in a modern democracy. If you compare the mentality of the town artisan and the country laborer, it is by no means certain that the quicker intelligence of the one is really more serviceable to the State than the slow reasoning of the other. Admitting that democracy requires for success a higher level of intelligence and character in the mass of the people than other forms of government, and that the townsman has a wider theoretical knowledge than the countryman of the main processes by which the community lives, is not the latter's knowledge, which is quite as important as intelligence, more fundamental—nearer, I mean, to the root of things? Has not the division of labor, the triumph of "get-rich-quick" industrialism, limited the appreciation of the town worker for the factors other than his own labor to which the creation of great fortunes around him is due? And is not the countryman's first-hand knowledge of all the processes by which the chief wealth of the country is created a natural corrective of wild revolutionary schemes for scrapping the whole economic and social system?

Let me go back some fifteen years from the incident to which I first referred and trace the practical work done upon the rural problem of Ireland from its first inception until it became an object lesson in rural reconstruction for the English-speaking world. In 1889 the agrarian agitation was dying down and it became vitally important to release the economic energies it had repressed. The first thing was to direct the energies of the rural population, now no longer needed for the struggle for obtaining the land, to the no less important task of learning how to use it. In order to evade trade opposition, farmers had to be organized in the first instance for the difficult and risky enterprise of coöperative dairying. In the light of these experiences, which taught us the immensely greater educational value of coöperative production than of coöperative distribution, I have often regretted that the Rochdale pioneers combined to divide up a chest of tea instead of killing and curing a coöperative pig.

The first creamery, brought to birth by infinite travail,

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proved to be the thin end of a very thick wedge. The movement just begun had not gone far when the politicians put a spoke in our wheel. We were preaching the damnable doctrine that what the workers on the land could do for themselves by intelligent combination was immeasurably greater than what the best of governments could do for them. The popular instructors in the Press and on the platform denounced this heresy. It was to meet this criticism that in 1895 we organized a non-partisan committee to promote economic legislation for the development of our agriculture and industries. The committee did its work so well that its labors resulted in the setting up in 1900 of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction. The Chief Secretary of the day, Mr. Gerald Balfour, to whose unostentatious statesmanship due credit has never been given, entered into the spirit of the Irish rural movement and gave to the new Department a constitution, functions and resources adequate for the purpose our rural reformers had in view.

But when the claim of our voluntary associations of farmers for recognition came before the Department, the old political opposition to coöperation revived. The relations between the Department and the hundreds of branches of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society became increasingly difficult, and were finally severed, with incalculable injury to economic progress.

Once more this non-political movement, which has now had a remarkable record for over a quarter of a century of rigid adherence to its non-sectarian and non-political pledge, was attacked by the politicians. The Development Commission was created by the Act of 1909; its statutory objects included "aiding and developing agriculture." Among the means to this end "the organization of coöperation" was mentioned. But so powerful were the trading political interests opposed to us that the English and Scottish Agricultural Organization Societies, which I do not think it will be denied were flattering imitations of the parent Irish Society, were subsidized by the Development Commission for two years before it could, without making trouble in Parliament, utilize the services of the Irish Society. Once this restraint upon the Development Commissioners' assistance to Irish Agriculture was removed, the most fruitful relationship

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between that splendid body of shrewd and benevolent administrators and the Irish Society was inaugurated.

Far more important for my present purpose than the details of material achievement are the combined social and economic aims of this scheme of rural progress, and the methods by which they were pursued. Let me, therefore, summarize the salient facts of the story. For thirty years a group of social workers have been engaged upon the solution of our rural problem. Those of them whose circumstances permitted gave free service and helped to pay the staff of the Central Society. This Institution, which was founded in 1894, has received in voluntary contributions over a quarter of a million sterling—most of this sum being subscribed by the branches it has spread all over the country. There have been subsidies from public funds, but these were in a relatively small proportion to the voluntary contributions. Throughout, the main reliance has been upon the organized voluntary effort. It is surely a remarkable fact that the movement has not only survived the attacks made upon it, but that neither in the agrarian nor in the political troubles which have disturbed the country in the last thirty years has the loyalty of its members ever been shaken. At many thousands of meetings men of all creeds and politics have loyally observed our non-sectarian and non-political pledge.

I pass now from the practical to the theoretical work of the Irish reformers. In the Plunkett House, the home of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, there was established in 1913, with a liberal subsidy from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, a Coöperative Reference Library. Its function is to supply complete information upon coöperative effort, both urban and rural, past and present, and to conduct social and economic research as needed by the Irish and other coöperative movements. To this institution students have come and are coming from all over the world, notably from the United States and India. The foundation of this specialized library synchronized with the coming to Ireland of the American Agricultural Commission, which in the year before the War made an inquiry into the agricultural organization of European countries very similar to that of the Recess Committee a quarter of a century ago. It is

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remarkable that these American investigators, who represented nearly every state in the Union and Canada, devoted seven out of the eleven days spent in the United Kingdom to a study of agricultural development in Ireland. And thus it to came pass that Ireland, with all her troubles, found herself regarded as a pioneer in rural reconstruction.

The policy underlying this progress is threefold, and is reduced to the formula "better farming, better business, better living." Agriculture must be regarded as an industry, as a business, and as a life. To the industry must be applied all the physical sciences relating to soil, climate, plant and animal life, to the buildings and mechanical equipment of the farm. To the business of farming must be applied methods upon which all business undertakings now depend for their commercial success. But if the Irish story means anything, it is that the chief need of agriculture as a business is organization upon the coöperative and not upon the joint-stock or corporation plan which is suitable to all other business combinations. But by far the most important part of the rural problem is that which treats agriculture as a life. Where three things are necessary it is absurd to discuss their relative importance; but both better farming and better business are in the minds of the best of my fellow-workers chiefly interesting as means to better living. Agriculture as an industry and as a business will not, in our view, survive the conflict between the various competing social orders unless and until a solution of the rural problem has been generally accepted which clearly envisages a rural community, every member of which can be satisfied that remaining on the land does not imply being in a backwater of modern progress.

We must realize that, while an agricultural existence admits of physical welfare above the average of a town existence, it does not offer, and cannot be made to offer, the opportunities of material advancement which urban pursuits provide. It is absolutely necessary to brighten rural life by developing its social pleasures and its cultural side in a way which will enable it to compete with the modern city. For this there is at present hardly any social organization, and our Irish experience has convinced us that in only one way can this vital need be supplied in

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time to meet the urgent demand of the present day. The rural community must be organized for business purposes, and the business association must be used for the higher purposes of social and intellectual advancement, and, if I may put it bluntly and plainly, for fun. If I have one criticism to offer of the splendid work being done by agricultural institutions, it is that they have not sufficiently emphasized the importance of better business (which means chiefly coöperative organization) as a means to the end of better living as well as of better farming.

Small town life suffers from lack of organization. Spasmodic attempts are made to form clubs or found reading-rooms, but in nine cases out of ten they die out or become moribund in the course of a few years because they have been dependent on the initiative and enthusiasm of one or two people, and these leave the neighborhood or find other claims on their interest. The problem of making rural life as full of stimulus and as attractive as it ought to be, can only be solved by educating the townspeople themselves in the broad principle of coöperation—coöperation in social and educational as well as in strictly agricultural matters.

The universities, as the head of a national system of education, as the training ground of research students, and as the chief centres of advanced research work, have been rightly giving increased attention to the place of agriculture and rural economy in national education. But in the past, agriculture has been mainly associated with the physical sciences, and especially is this so as regards the work of research. To-day, however, it is becoming increasingly clear how complex and vital are rural problems of an economic and a social character. Questions of the right use of land, of its settlement and tenure, of the organization of the agricultural community in respect of production and distribution, of transport, credit and insurance, of systematic and comparable costings, which are so vital not only to modern ideas of State policy but to the guidance of individuals and of countries as to the lines of economic production—these and many other economic questions are no less urgent, and in some cases more urgent, in agriculture than in any other industry.

I do not wish for any divorce between agricultural and industrial economics; the field is one; but the importance of different

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systems of organization, such as coöperative system on the one hand and the joint-stock system on the other, varies widely in these two great sides of our productive organization, and a closer attention to the particular phases of the problems of political economy which are presented in connection with agriculture and rural life will broaden the whole field of economic study.

There is, too, another aspect of rural studies which should not be overlooked. Agriculture is a great meeting-place of the sciences. The growth and care of crops and stocks brings the student into a most living and real relationship with the methods and results of modern science, while on the other hand the field of study, as I have indicated, is rich in economic and social meaning. What I ask therefore, is that we should try to see our agricultural curriculum as a whole. The universities above all must see to it that they are thinking out and embodying in their curriculum the study of this great side of life, and that they are pioneering the way and preparing teacher-guides in this field of study.

There is a wonderful comity in the pursuits and interests of rural life. The husbandman, from whatever country he comes, soon begins to understand the doings and interests of the husbandmen of other countries. The life of the country unites us. "Nature's Social Union" is a very wonderful thing to observe and reflect upon. It is because I wish to see this great human element emphasized in our agricultural education and in our ideas of rural economy that I appeal to universities of all the English-speaking peoples to provide a larger leadership—a wider vision of "better living" as well as better farming and better business in our countrysides.

HORACE PLUNKETT.

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SHALL PROGRESS REACH THE BIBLE?

BY HERBERT D. MILES

"A NEW Bible? Never; it can't be done!" That, it is more than probable, will be our first reaction to a proposal which I am bound to agree smacks of a foolhardy rushing in where angels fear to tread. And very natural would be such a reaction, too. In the sense of actual "newness" it cannot be done, and should not. But if our "new" Bible shall contemplate an honest separation, under suitable title, of all matter which in the present arrangement has no bearing upon our everyday lives and problems from that part which does have such direct bearing; if it shall include a wisely considered, a reverent but fearless expurgation, where a need for expurgation cries to heaven, then it can be done. But we must assume from the start a selfless and a noble personal attitude toward the idea; we must not feel that any interference with the venerable book, beyond the revisions that have been made, is a profanation of a Holy of Holies.

In the course of my exchange of letters, in the winter of 1920, with the late John Burroughs, we referred at one time, briefly, to the Bible. Our letters were a discussion of the ancient and inherently noble ideas of religion called Pantheism; which ideas were held, and always most vigorously upheld, by Mr. Burroughs. He commented: "I think as highly of the Bible as you do. It is the book of books, yet it is only a book, man-made." Mr. Burroughs and I are in perfect accord as to the Bible being the book of books. And yet I cannot but feel, as I am sure he would too, that because that is so, because its being so is bound up with all that it has meant to our forefathers and, more important, with all that it is to mean to those very different people, our children, we should with all due respect face now, clear-sighted, courageous, our problem of its deficiencies, its inconsistencies, its redundancies. It is a bold idea, without doubt, whether new or old. "All the attitudes and tempers that are

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possible have been exhibited long ago," said William James, speaking of religions generally. And that philosopher warned us that "We instinctively recoil from seeing an object to which our emotions and affections are committed, handled by the intellect as any other object is handled."

A Bishop of the Episcopal church, in the course of a sermon delivered last winter, declared that, roughly estimated, there are in this country fifty million persons who are of church-going families and fifty million who are of church-abstaining families. There was a time when such a declaration would have been taken to mean that ours is a nation but half-Christian. But to all well-disposed persons who subscribe to our constitution and laws we are rightly inclined to award the term Christian, whether or not they have church affiliation; mere church-going confers no special honor to-day in the world's estimate; it may, and should, confer peace, although to achieve that peace some of us must perforce indulge in mental reservations. Yet I affirm, and earnestly, that we should all be churchmen. The Church founded not upon superstition but upon deep and simple truth, is, and must always be, the great stabilizer of society. It is to this end that I plead for a "changed" Bible.

Probably most of the adult representatives of those without church affiliation do not feel a need of being explained. Some of them are merely lazy; their attitude includes no objection to the beliefs or even the ritual of any church; they would a little prefer that their children be taken under the wing of one; they are simply worldly in all that the word implies. Some among the more ignorant, especially in large cities, feel that an attendance at church would imply upon their part some profession of superiority over their non-church-going neighbors; or they feel that no man has a right to be a churchman unless he have a conscience free of guilt, and is willing to be considered "unco gude." And there are of course the frankly agnostic or atheistic.

But the very great majority of what we may call the church-abstaining, out of this fifty millions, I am convinced, hold back through a half-realized but deep-rooted idea that the Church and the Bible ask them to believe and to subscribe to much that they cannot believe and so cannot subscribe to; much that is outworn,

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even in the simplest of services, owing to parts of the Bible. They instinctively—and perhaps rightly—feel that a large portion of regular church-goers shut their eyes to a good deal, restrain their powers of thought in the interest of "faith," or make mental reservations and let it go at that. Faith is a word, unfortunately, that has been held over the devout like a sword; that has been used as a reason for non-reason; yes, and for non-spirituality. Yet faith is a good word, and there is a point where it is good common sense.

We are come to a time when we want to ask the fifty millions to come to church; to be churchmen and women. Have we a right to ask them to come, and to be forced thereupon to hear scripture-reading some of which makes them, if they are reflecting individuals, feel like squirming in their seats; feel that they are being asked, like children, to hear certain quaint tales quite without relation to daily life, and sometimes worse things, useless, or even abhorrent to their protesting souls? If this question seem a profanation, let me hasten to add that such reading is exceptional; but it should not be possible at all. It is a decided deterrent to the growth of the Church, and of real Christianity.

There are many points of approach to this consideration of that large portion of our Bible, especially of the Old Testament, which is plainly unedifying for private reading and unsuited for reading in church; which no wise clergyman would choose to read there. One element is, the effect upon the clergy themselves of a close reading of such things; that is, upon the narrower, less intelligent men, of whom, alas! there are plenty. Another—our children; especially those of tenderer years. Certain of the classics undesirable for them we may keep from them, but to the "holy book" they have free access; indeed they are urged to read it freely. About such objectionable parts, perhaps it is well not to take too much for granted as to a general information upon the part of the reader. Specifically then—but in part only—may be mentioned the offensive sex-narratives of Genesis, fit for the ancient cattle-breeders, perhaps; the obsolete and confused ritual regulations of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, most of which belong to an outgrown stage of civilization—if we may call it a civilization at all; Jonah and similar pure fiction, the real teaching

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of which may have its lofty parts but is usually quite misunderstood; accounts of a fierce and savage warfare; endless genealogies; quite as useless as those others which St. Paul had in mind when in his Epistle to Timothy he said: "Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies." There should be a decided condensation of the Prophets and a more accurate rendering of the Psalms.

Before the Church shall drift further away, supinely, from the fifty millions, then, it is time with a view to preserving what is really our guide to life, the best of the book, and emphasizing such parts, for all Christians to take a hand in considering sanely this old, time-incrusted, indubitably precious guide, our Bible. We are not Chinese; we do not, because a thing is old, sink our reason in mere veneration. And it is to be hoped that we can take it in hand successfully without being open to a charge that nothing higher than cold reason has possessed us. As a matter of truth, your sincere and able reasoner perceives more deeply than others that there is, in our natural emotion toward God, something transcending pure reason.

It is probably true that comparatively few men really know how to think beyond what is called for by their daily routine. That, nevertheless, is a poor reason for assuming that it matters not to such men whether or not the Bible be left in a form such as its present, which requires elaborate interpretation. Millions of simple souls have lived and died content with it as it is, it is true; convinced that every page is "God's Word." Great is their humble faith, and great their imagination if they found the beauty of holiness in arid places! But we are considering the good of infinitely more millions; their defense against a more than probable growth of a blighting scepticism, as education shall be extended over the Earth, unless our Bible shall be made more self-interpreting. Too much clergy-interpretation is bad; as time goes on it must appear how shallow a hold comes of a dependence upon such interpretation. It is shown in Russia to-day. The saddest part of it all is—a part apparently unrealized by good men who would hold to the present admittedly unsatisfactory Bible because of timidity and of a cultured approval of their personal interpretations—that so many of our own people are vic-

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tims, literally victims, of that Bible; and have ceased to pray. And the manner of it is this: As children, innocent and trusting, they have learned about the "first man and first woman"—date, about 7000 years ago. They have learned of Noah and his Ark; of Lot, Samuel, Samson, Jezebel, David, Jonah. They have learned of a Virgin Birth and of other wondrous events. They have grown up; they have acquired that little education which is a dangerous thing; they may not have learned really to think, but they live in the atmosphere of the twentieth century. They come to a time when they cannot believe all that they have so trustingly taken in, with the seal of the Church and the Bible upon it; from that creeps upon them a doubt of the personal relationship to them of God Himself. And—so blighting a thing is a betrayed trust, or what they must believe to be such—from that day they cannot really pray, even though they go through the form of prayer. Then follows naturally an indifference to church; finally an abstinence from church. All of that is another way of saying, perhaps, that most thinking men and women must perforce become a little agnostic, probably with varying realization or acknowledgment of it to themselves; not in the sense of rejecting Christianity, but sufficiently to make them either uncomfortably restless or dangerously passive. To the degree that it is unsettling, this is bad, at least for their peace; to the degree that it is growth in perception of truth, it cannot be bad. They were unfortunately started, from a background of obsolescence.

Perhaps every Christian, whether of the clergy or of the laity, must be agnostic to a certain degree. I am convinced that such a rearrangement of our Bible as we may hope to see would allow of many an earnest man and woman, partly agnostic, looking upon the Church as theirs, of whatever denomination they might choose; and would likewise allow of the Church looking upon them as good material, acceptable and helpful. Suppose a questionnaire to be put, to a clergyman, a layman, and an agnostic, as follows:

Q. Do you know that God exists in a particular form? A. I do not.

Q. Do you know that God appeared to Man, or directed him? A. I do not.

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Q. Do you know that God is not in a sense Man's invention? A. I do not.

Q. Do you know that Christ was of actual Virgin birth? A. I do not.

Q. Do you know that Christ ascended in His body visibly? A. I do not.

I am sure that each of the three suggested persons, bearing in mind that the questions are in each case "know," not "believe," must reply as given, and to that extent be agnostic. The questions, however, are only apparently important ones; actually they are non-essentials, both as to our daily living and as to the principles of Christianity. A faith or a want of faith, as to one or all of them, makes not any difference in our lives or our usefulness. I am attempting to show a very natural and a very common strain of agnosticism; but I have nothing other than sorrow for the honest agnostic who cannot find in his make-up any faith. We may have an honest doubt as to the Virgin Birth and the Bodily Ascension. It is more than probable that the followers who chronicled the birth went back for those intimate assertions thirty years before their own personal contact with, or actual knowledge of, Christ. In telling of the last, they were Orientals, laboring under much strain after intense and tragic excitements. Certainly it is a more natural thing to believe in a Creator and to believe that He sent a message through a special messenger, than to believe that He would without necessity break His inviolable Law.

But Christ Himself told us to pray. The agnostic must know this. He Himself gave us a prayer. And perhaps beyond anything else that we have, that prayer comes to us direct and unaltered, from His own lips. In its opening, Christ twice mentions a "Heaven" as a place distinct from Earth, and mentions God as "our Father." The extraordinary importance of this cannot be exaggerated. It directly resolves our doubts as to the four greatest things of Christian belief, Prayer, Fatherhood, Heaven, Immortality. Without it, we can have doubts; with it, if we believe anything at all, we have assurance. If we believe anything, we believe that Christ, whether divine or human, was the one Messenger to us from the Infinite; the one and only one

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with the voice of authority; the one and only one with a wisdom and a life in harmony with His message. What is directly from His lips then, is of supremest importance; what is clear, noble, untainted with a suspicion of Oriental additions by His chroniclers. In that one, small prayer, is mankind's pearl without price!

In spite of our voluminous Bible, what we actually have as a basis for our moral law, applying to life to-day, is a comparatively slim thread running through its Hebrew foundation, the Old Testament, and the message of Christ, followed by the inspiration of Paul. Beyond that, should not the Church of all denominations encourage individuality as to belief in non-essentials, even to the rearrangement of certain old creeds?

How, then, shall we go about this work? Far be it from me more than tentatively to suggest its detail. Ideally, there might be a high commission of ten men, of international make-up, composed of four of the clergy and two laymen of the Protestant churches, and four earnest and scholarly men outside the Church, to represent the millions partly agnostic. To this number, if the Roman Church should find itself interested, should be added two or more, to represent it. This new Bible might have a First Part, called, perhaps, the "Hebrew Foundation," to include all that is best of the Old Testament. This could remain in the language of the revised version. Legend, when retained, should be put as legend, cherished for its high literary and historical value; its "holiness" removed.

The Second Part, practically our New Testament, might be subdivided into three parts, comprising the chief bases of our worship, our teaching, and our prayers. The first of these parts would be of least value, being the accounts of the miraculous in the life of Christ, and including the accounts of His birth, miracles, and ascension. This implies a segregation which could in turn open the question as to the need of the separate four Gospels as now printed. It would probably be agreed that all demonology, and other questionable beliefs common to the day in which the writers of Christ's life lived, which are imposed upon the history of His perfect life and philosophy, can be left out. This part might be called "The Accounts of the Miraculous." The second

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could be our New Testament substantially as it is without the controversial matter above indicated, and without repetitions if the four Gospels should be consolidated. This would be the heart of the Christian religion, including the words and philosophy of Christ and the inspiring story of His ministry and His death upon the Cross; followed by the splendid genius of Paul. This might be called "The Ministry of Christ." Finally, the third part, which should be in modern English, would be a recapitulation, clear and broad; in no sense a creed in whole or in part, but rather a constitution for all churches and all peoples, the Principles of Christianity. This might be called "Christian Principles." It could be hoped that Christian nations, in their dealings with each other and with barbarians, might hold to it. It should be an excellent thing for the guidance of the Mohammedan, Buddhist, and heathen nations, after they shall find it in use in the highest political councils of the Christian Powers. In any event, we owe it to ourselves not to feel that, because the Christian world is made up of many creeds, many minds, and many tastes and traditions, an agreement eliminating controversial matter may not be concluded upon its Bible and Principles. That would be to deny the courage and intelligence of man.

Let us then, with a great heart of courage, with a great faith in the truth of the essentials, with a forward-looking sacrifice of the non-essentials, have the good sense to venerate and keep for our actual guidance only that which is genuinely holy in use, rather than holy in tradition only. If we shall not, there is trouble ahead. Too long have laymen leaned upon the responsibility of the clergy; too long have the clergy solemnly agreed that much of the Bible as it now is used is open to controversy or is redundant, but that, as such parts do not interfere with "essential truth," they can supinely allow it all to stand. Modesty, humility and breadth, rather than dogmatism or dodging, are needed, even to the rearrangement of Creeds. The world grows fast to-day, and such a course would surely double the Church's membership throughout the world, and its usefulness. Initiative and courage in this making of our new Bible may not come from the clergy; many will regard it as a profanation,—poor men!—but in the end the clergy will be the leaders.

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We cannot wait for the settlement of more or less friendly differences as to points of controversy. Never, possibly, will they be settled. Let them remain unsettled, but let the spirit remain friendly. Two thousand years is a small portion of the time for which Christ preached. Certainly our new Bible must be so made as to try to end controversy, else the work shall be but half done; that is, it must emphasize only essentials and the Church must not, as in the past, adopt certain interpretations and heap obloquy upon the doubting Thomas. And let us earnestly hope that the initiative, strong and unyielding to discouragement, shall come, and soon, from laymen; not leaving to the clergy the responsibility for starting the movement for a new Bible. It is for us, the laymen, to "start something."

Surely we do need a Guide in our Bible, a Guide that shall be clear, that shall be unconfusing in a world of confusion and of national and individual selfishness. Nations and individuals can and have risen to a white flame of sacrifice when called upon. We all wish to be useful and happy, and clumsily try to be. Our guidance must be less beclouded in the future, for the good of the world. And beyond this world too, our Bible takes us; we may rejoice that in our Lord's Prayer we have a Heaven and a Father confirmed to us. We cannot help a feeling that we have in our being that super-self, whatever it may be, that is so beautifully and mysteriously expressed in the poet's vision:

> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.

In good time we must turn again home; and when we turn, that most natural and human of longings must come to us, a feeling that there is yet another light when we have "crost the bar." And will not that light be discerned more clearly, and more steadfastly burn, when we shall have our new Bible?

HERBERT D. MILES.

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GAME LAWS AND THE PUBLIC MIND

BY LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES

EXCEPT in Mohammedan countries or regions where early and generally observed religions preclude the molestation of living things, the greatest disturbance of natural distribution of life following man's proprietorship seems to be the rapid depletion of such creatures as make acceptable additions to his larder or his wardrobe. Probably because it is the least understood and most taken-for-granted of all phenomena of nature, the animal world (aside from man, the self-appointed star in the picture) has always been the object of human persecution, first for perfectly proper biological reasons fitting into the Darwinian principle of survival of the fittest, and latterly, apparently, from the accrued habit of the ages. The savage maxim seems to have been, "get plenty while the getting is good"; the civilized practice seems to have undergone but little change since the days of the cave-man and cave-bear, until regulated by wise laws, at once the most essential for the preservation of wild life on the earth and (with the exception of the Volstead act) the most difficult to put into practical enforcement.

Many men now living have witnessed the extermination of some fifty species of North American animals and birds, and all will surely see the extermination of several more which are now hanging on by the merest thread of paternal protection, but circumscribed by changed and changing conditions which will ultimately, if not presently, cause them to fade from the face of the earth. The familar examples of the buffalo and the passenger pigeon are popularly supposed to be the beginning and the end of American exterminations. The Eskimo curlew and Carolina parokeet have probably been added to this list of ex-species, and the antelope, Hudsonian godwit, trumpeter swan, whooping crane, and sage grouse are continental species that require the

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utmost in protective legislation in order to survive for more than a few years.

It is significant that in countries where game is plentiful it often largely consists of species introduced from other lands, after the indigenous species had become so rare as no longer to afford good sport. The Asiatic pheasants have practically supplied the field of all Europe for two or three centuries, and are fast becoming the game-bird *par excellence* of the Northern United States. It is well, for herein lies about the last chance for survival of such splendid native species as the ruffed grouse, northern quail and several kinds of western grouse.

Of course much havoc is wrought among native animals by the necessary clearing and cultivation of wild areas. The buffalo and the antelope, even if the wanton butchery of the last century had been less severe, could not have withstood the homesteading and fencing of the Great Plains region that, with man's advance, were inevitable. Had there been an earlier awakening to the handwriting on the wall, however, they would not now be extinct as wild species, and our children's children would have had an opportunity of seeing, in sufficient semblance of their natural state, a goodly number of magnificent species of native animals, now nearly or quite extinct.

In such a country as ours, where each of the forty-eight States considers itself sovereign within its borders, and the game as its possession while present, it has been exceedingly difficult to arrive at satisfactory conservation laws and impossible to enforce them. To the north, too, lies a great country similar to ours, with still other notions as to how best to conserve its rights in the matter of its wild life. For many years we have been at interstate and international odds regarding open seasons, sale of game, bag-limits, warden service and all the other restrictions on unlimited persecution necessary to prevent early extirpation of valuable species. So when, five years ago, this country entered into an international treaty with Great Britain defining and providing adequate mutual protection for all species of migratory game and most migratory non-game birds, thus superseding by national treaty all mere State legislation, a long step forward was tardily made, and machinery was furnished for a really adequate scheme

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of protection for our valuable migratory birds. The old specious arguments over killing in one country what was raised in another, and vice versa, were effectually terminated.

The Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington, eminently fitted for the task by virtue of its years of amassing detailed information as to the migrations, breeding habits, food and general economy of every species of American animal, was given the labor and responsibility of zoning the entire country and grouping States with respect to open seasons on all species of migratory game, and an opportunity of suggesting model laws for these groups of States, which should do away in large measure with the old border irregularities arising from the operation of variously different laws on the two sides of State (or even county!) lines. This, now happily accomplished, plus the elimination of migratory spring shooting and sale of game all over the United States, has already worked a marvellous benefaction upon most of the migratory species. All the dainty little shore-birds, too small for the table, were at once deleted from the game list and put on the permanently protected lists with song and insectivorous birds. This ended the wanton long-shore pot-bagging of these exquisite little creatures, which are already responding in trebled numbers to this slight token of a nation's regard. The ducks and geese, now that organized market-hunting no longer harasses their every movement while within our borders, have increased almost incredibly along our coasts and waterways, although there is probably heavier shooting by sportsmen than ever before. The standardization of the bag-limits within a proper scope has also helped much toward this highly desirable result.

Where market-hunting had been for three generations a remunerative and exciting occupation for a considerable number of the adult male population, it is not reasonable to expect that it would be given up just because somebody far off in Washington said it must cease. The Mississippi Valley from Iowa to the Gulf was a vast fly-way for myriads of ducks and geese, and here the Federal law found itself exceedingly difficult of enforcement. A certain amount of game continues to be unlawfully killed in spring, in violation of the treaty, and some is sold surreptitiously in both spring and fall. The anti-spring shooting regulation has

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aroused considerable antagonism locally, but is gradually winning general approval because of the obvious increase of game.

For some reason difficult to understand, most of the so-called "deer States" have found little sympathy with the permanent close season on does. Of course the biological significance of preserving females of polygamous animals should suffice, but even the doubling and trebling of human killings in years when the laws were off the does has not been enough, in some States, to convince the residents that the killing of bucks with visible horns is entirely sufficient. In case does become too numerous, which is seldom evident, their reduction should be undertaken by the wardens, under official direction, and not entrusted to the excitable and often totally inexperienced hunters who fill the woods early in the open season.

Of course it would be impossible for any private citizen to arrive at any true estimate of the state of the public mind in regard to the game-laws and the concept of conservation without applying for concrete information to such an authoritative source as the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The people most given to breaking the game-laws are aliens from Southern Europe, notably the Italians, who are inveterate small-bird hunters whenever they can get an opportunity. This habit they bring with them. Italy is a natural bird-trap for all the migratory species of Central Europe, and few that travel that route get by. Italy has again and again been vainly appealed to by the other countries of Europe to cease the trapping, snaring, shooting, liming and other methods of catching the migrating species that for a season visit that peninsula. There have been for a century few edible species that nest and rear their young in Italy as compared with Central and Northern Europe. It is easy to see the temptation our meadowlarks, robins, catbirds and flickers offer, and how little effort these new citizens in the "Land of the Free" exercise to resist it. Finns, Hungarians and Slovaks are also very troublesome, as are negroes in the South. Small delicious species, like woodcock and ruffed grouse, offer severe temptation to those who can get them and are able and willing covertly to sell them. This, however, is probably not a very

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serious danger to the species, as such offenses are easily detected and punished.

Comparing the condition of some threatened species now and ten years ago, it is to be observed that elk have diminished in number from forty to fifty per cent, and have been extirpated entirely from much of their former range. Buffalo, due to careful protection and encouragement to breed on reservations, have increased from 2,100 in 1910 to over 9,000 at the present time. The antelope is in a more precarious condition than any other American animal, having decreased fifty per cent in ten years. Being unable to thrive under the restrictions of range necessary to provide protection, they seem doomed to early extermination, except possibly within a few large Federal or State game preserves. The railroads have so cut up and intersected the necessarily large range of this unique animal that its reproduction is now reduced almost to zero, and the small remnants of the great bands of former years are so reduced that it will be only a few years, probably, before it will cease to exist. As it cannot be successfully kept in the zoological parks, unlike its phlegmatic companion, the buffalo, it will soon exist only in art and the narratives of the "old timers." The sage grouse is faced by the identical fate of the antelope.

The weakest link in the chain of protection of game and other natural resources lies in the power of politics to change, at brief intervals, the personnel of those bodies of men who, by knowledge and experience, have come to be of inestimable value to this necessary work. This very year the Governor of a most important State so far undervalued the worth of its conservation machinery as to remove the most effective Commissioner the State has ever had; a man who, when public funds failed, privately supplied the necessary money in large amounts. The functions of the Commission were reduced to only a small section of the State and greatly curtailed in power even there. Over the rest of the State the efficient system of game wardens, men especially trained and instructed in the all-year-round care of the game and other wildlife was abolished and the enforcement of the conservation laws was put into the totally inexperienced and incompetent hands of the State constabulary; the supporting funds were withdrawn

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from the State game farms just as they were paying largely, both in material produced and in turning out well-trained and efficient men capable of carrying on the work of wise conservation at a time when public interest was at the crest of the wave. It is such lack of appreciation and support as this which go far toward killing interest, for the time at least, in the nation-wide effort to preserve for posterity what is left of the once abundant and extraordinarily rich native fauna of this continent. And the time has come when even a temporary relaxation in so important a plan may mean the total loss of all that has been done. Some States have no organized State service, notably North Carolina, Florida and Mississippi, and some authorize the issue of almost unlimited hunting licenses, allowing the killing of more game than actually exists in the State. At large, however, the tendency seems to be ever toward the wise and proper safeguarding of the remnant, and the encouragement of all game and other innocent wild life to propagate and increase.

Much that was formerly considered "waste land," such as fresh-water marshes, shallow lakes, river-overflows, swamp-woods and salt-marshes with a wilderness of marginal cover has been reclaimed for agricultural and other uses only to be found entirely unsuited for these purposes because of wet sub-soil, tidal flow, salt, sour soil or sterile marly components which render it useless for any "practical" purpose. Like much of New England, which is best suited for (and should have been left) forest land, these wild areas really serve their best purpose as refuges for the support and propagation of the numerous species of wild birds that congregate to use them as nature has taught them to do. Even though many such areas now exist in a condition more or less sterile for these purposes, nearly all could by a little skilful planting and stocking be made valuable and attractive gathering-places for the wild fowl which form the bulk of the migratory game of our whole land.

It is known that over six million persons purchased hunting licenses in the United States last autumn, and it is to meet the hopes of this immense group that Senator New and Representative Anthony have introduced into the Senate and the House respectively a bill providing for the Federal purchase of large

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areas of land, suitable for feeding and breeding-places for both migratory and resident species of game, to be used and controlled by the Federal Government as spring breeding grounds for native game species and as public shooting-grounds in the fall where during a proper open season hunters may go, with an inexpensive Federal hunting license and a reasonable assurance of finding a fair abundance of the particular game he may prefer.

While no legislation meets public favor that does not ultimately improve the public's material condition, this bill should prove popular with nearly everyone. It has been shown that all game birds have economic value beyond their food and recreational worth, and are thus entitled to protection beyond that which would merely serve that portion of our population interested only in hunting them.

The withdrawal of these otherwise valueless areas is in our opinion one of the most constructive forward steps that has recently been conceived. It is gratifying to know that the bill has been carefully planned, duly presented, and shows every sign of being soon enacted and made effective in many widely separated parts of the country. The issuances of Federal licenses make it easy to limit the amount of shooting to a proper relation to the quantity of game present. With all-year care of the food and shelter features, and proper limitation of shooting, there will be no difficulty in maintaining a perpetual supply of the game species already showing a reassuring increase. If the new resolution bears fruit in as short a time and the same degree as has the international agreement respecting the strictly migratory species, we may early look for an increase in nearly all kinds of game that will keep it well ahead of the toll taken by the growing army of properly licensed hunters.

The real hope lies in the rising generation which, thanks to an abundance of excellent books on all phases of nature study, has ample opportunity to learn while natural curiosity is still present. They will know whereof they speak and wherefor they labor. It is ours to see that an increasable remnant is left for them to work with when they come into the arena, twenty years or so hence.

The apathy is not prevalent among those who hunt and fish,

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and it is easy indeed for one who has known the cult of hunters and fishermen in this country to see the marked difference in their point of view now and even ten or fifteen years ago. The country boy with his old double-barrel hammer gun, and the city-living sportsman with his beautiful equipment and brief opportunity, alike know and observe the spirit as well as the letter of the game laws, abiding cheerfully by the bag-limits and the season restrictions. They are coming, too, to know much more specifically what they may and may not hunt, and to take an increasing interest in the "coming back" of such diminishing species as the lovely woodduck, the tricky woodcock and that finest of all upland gamebirds, the ruffed grouse. Given half a chance, all these and many other resident or non-migratory species, however desirable to the epicure, will, under present rural conditions, hold their own and increase; while the international treaty has already succeeded, in five short years, in vastly augmenting the numbers of those migrating wild fowl that had fallen to a pitiful tithe of their previous abundance. We have little notion, generally, of the original abundance of game and wild life in this country. Much of its depletion was the necessary and inevitable result of the settlement of the land and clearing of the forests.

While it is easy to provide and pass adequate laws covering the protection of wild life, it is far from simple to enforce them, and it will be impossible to do so entirely until the general public has arisen to a fuller appreciation, knowledge and enjoyment of American wild life.

Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

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LABOR PROSPECTS IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY G. D. H. COLE

THE British Labor Movement, after a period during which the realities of the after-war economic situation have been concealed by the artificial "prosperity" of reconstruction, has found itself, during the last few months, face to face with a set of circumstances exceedingly unfavorable to the realization of its hopes. Until a few months ago, the cost of living was still rising sharply, and wage advances were still being conceded. Increased living costs were partly due to the operation of normal economic forces, but partly also to the cessation of war measures designed to ensure supplies or to keep prices down. The effect of these steps of "de-control" was to conceal the beginnings of the downward movement of world prices, which were the earliest indications of the coming slump. It is true that, for some time before the slump arrived, wage increases had been coming more and more difficult to obtain — a fact which was also indicative that the curve of prices had reached its apex. The signs of the coming slump, however, were not clear enough to prevent the Trade Unions from being taken largely by surprise, when the great attack upon "war wages" was launched at the beginning of the present year.

The central point in this attack was, of course, the mining industry. When the Government deliberately advanced the date of de-control from August to March, its action was due partly to the financial stringency, but also undoubtedly to the desire of the powers behind the Government to force an issue on the wages question. The mining industry had passed, with extraordinary rapidity, from great "prosperity," dependent on the sale of export coal at inflated prices, into deep depression, following on the collapse of the export markets. It was believed that the conditions were so unfavorable that the miners, as "economic men," would be compelled to accept the wage reductions and the district basis of settlement which the Government and the owners alike

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desired; and accordingly in March the attack was delivered, in full confidence that "the inevitable" would be accepted.

The miners, however, were not "economic men"; and, although the conditions made it practically impossible that they should successfully oppose the reductions and terms which it was desired to impose upon them,—unless, indeed, the original issues became merged in the wider questions to which a general Labor upheaval would give rise,—they determined to resist. The great mining lock-out or strike (it does not matter which it is called, if it is understood that the miners' part was purely one of resistance) therefore broke out. At one time, when the Triple Alliance had definitely decided on a sympathetic strike of railwaymen and transport workers, it seemed that a general upheaval would follow. But Mr. J. H. Thomas and other leaders, including some of the miners, were strongly opposed to any conversion of the dispute into a generalized struggle; and, a convenient occasion arising on the refusal of the miners to meet the Government on a particular basis, the strike threat of the Alliance was cancelled.

It then became clear that the miners would have to struggle alone, and that, under these conditions, their defeat was inevitable. For it was perfectly true that, unless its basis of organization was fundamentally altered, the coal industry could not, in its state of depression, grant the terms which the miners desired, even though these involved no more than the retention of the *status quo*. For the *status quo* was dependent on the continuance of State control, and this the Government was determined to sweep away. The power of endurance shown by the miners, in face of the severe privations which the prolonged stoppage involved, was amazing, and even to the last a ballot vote of the men would probably have favored a continuance of the struggle. But defeat was bound to come sooner or later and, seeing this, the executive finally took their courage in both hands, and practically enforced a resumption of work. By doing this, they at least kept their organization intact in readiness for better times.

The coal dispute settled far more than the immediate future of the mining industry. It settled also the fate of the wage negotiations which were proceeding, or followed immediately upon it, in other industries. Up to the time of the Triple Alliance collapse,

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it seemed probable that in most industries, except where wages were definitely regulated by sliding scales, the Trade Unions would make a serious attempt to stand out for the retention of war-time rates of wages. As soon, however, as the prospect of a general coördinated resistance disappeared with the withdrawal of the railwaymen and transport workers from the field of conflict, other Trade Unions made haste, wherever they could, to settle their differences with the employers. There were, indeed, limits to the extent of the concessions they were prepared to make, and, as long as the coal dispute went on, employers, who could not get coal to restart their works, had no incentive to compromise. As soon, however, as a speedy return to work in the mines was seen to be inevitable, the employers in other industries were hardly less anxious to restart than the Trade Unions were to settle, and compromises, involving substantial wage reductions at least corresponding to the fall in prices and sometimes going beyond it, were speedily concluded. In the cotton industry there was a brief general stoppage; but this ended as soon as the coal supply was assured, very heavy wage reductions being accepted.

The effect of the coal dispute on the general industrial situation can thus be easily apprehended. This, however, is by no means the limit of its significance. As soon as the Armistice was signed in 1918, every big Trade Union bethought itself of the claims which it had held in suspense during the war, and made haste to revise and bring forward its "National Programme" of demands. These programmes, of course, varied widely from industry to industry; but almost all of them involved considerable changes of economic structure. The miners and the railwaymen had, as the central features of their programmes, the demand for public ownership, combined with an effective share in the "control", of the services in which they worked. In many other industries, the demand for a share in control was combined with the claim for "industrial maintenance", that is, for the guarantee of full-time work or wages and the abolition of casual labor and underemployment.

During the year 1919, these and similar claims were brought forward in one industry after another. The Trade Unions were definitely in possession of the initiative; and their demands were

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met for the most part in a conciliatory spirit. The moment was favorable, from the standpoint of the Trade Unions; and the Government and the employers were alike anxious to avoid a premature conflict. This, as everyone would now admit, was the reason why during the first half of 1919 the Trade Unions appeared to be gaining important victories. The Government averted a coal stoppage in February, 1919, by the appointment of the Coal Commission, and staved off many disputes which were threatening in other industries by the summoning of the National Industrial Conference of employers and Trade Unionists. The Coal Commission produced its reports, decisively condemning the existing system in the mining industry. The representative employers and Trade Unionists at the Industrial Conference unanimously agreed on certain important measures of reform, including both the universal enforcement by law of the forty-eight hours' maximum working week, further minimum wage legislation, better provision for unemployment, and the establishment of a permanent National Industrial Council, to be consulted by the Government on all industrial issues.

The measures staved off the immediate crisis, at the cost of committing the Government and the employers to large measures of reform which they were most unwilling to carry into effect. There began, therefore, a long campaign of delay, in which the Government again and again postponed the execution of its pledges, without positively refusing to carry them out. Meanwhile, the position was gradually changing to the disadvantage of the Trade Unions. The first force of the post-war impulse towards better conditions was gradually slackening, and the delay was serving to diminish the expectation of "better times" and a "new industrial order" which the lavish war-time promises of the Government had aroused. On the other hand, the forces antagonistic to change had been fully mobilized as a result of the dangerous attack levelled against them through the Coal Commission, and the first premonitions of the coming slump were beginning to be heard in business circles.

The first definite proof of the changed situation was the increasingly definite opposition of the Government to the demands for public ownership and democratic control of the coal industry,

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in accordance with the recommendations of the majority of the Sankey Commission. By the autumn of 1919, it was plain that the Government would not, of its own will, carry out the recommendations, and the miners accordingly considered what action they should take. They decided to appeal to the rest of the Labor movement to help them; but a propagandist campaign—the "Mines for the Nation" campaign—failed to arouse public interest, and at the end of the year the Unions decided against "direct action" to enforce public ownership and democratic control, and in favor of the adoption of political methods.

This in effect amounted to a recognition by the Trade Unions that the carrying out of their policy involved a change of Government. There was, however, no method by which such a change could constitutionally be brought about; for the House of Commons, elected in December, 1918, for five years, was not near its termination, and, although the Government was faring ill at by-elections, the process of attrition, in face of the huge majority, was far too slow to be effective. It therefore became clear that, insofar as the Trade Union demands involved a change in industrial system or ownership, they were not immediately realizable. There were many who considered that they might still have been forced upon the Government by a drastic policy of "direct action"; but the majority shrank back before the dangers and possible revolutionary implications of such a course.

What was true of the mines was true also, in much the same measure, of the railways. The Government was understood to have promised, in 1918, to nationalize the railways; but it became clear that this promise too would remain unfulfilled. Hence the Unions were compelled to accept a construction of their immediate aims, and to concentrate on those which there was some hope of attaining without any drastic change of industrial system. Nevertheless, the larger demands remained in the background as an influence affecting the attitude of both employers and workers towards the lesser questions at issue; and the very sense of frustration caused by the setbacks of 1919 stimulated the demand for a more aggressive policy which was urged by a considerable minority within the Trade Unions.

Until the mining dispute which has recently ended, the idea of

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"direct action," or industrial action as a means of securing concessions, was still in the ascendant. It was waning as the economic position became worse; but it was not until the defeat of the miners was seen that the limitations on effective industrial action under adverse economic conditions were brought fully home. Almost every industry, however, had cause to find out this truth for itself during the first half of 1921; for almost every industry was confronted with big demands from the employers, and had the alternatives before it of making large concessions or of striking or being locked-out under circumstances manifestly unfavorable to resistance. In most cases, after more or less delay, the Trade Unions reached their conclusion, and accepted the inevitable.

Great Britain, in common with some other great industrial countries, has thus witnessed, since 1918, a startling turn of the wheel of industrial fortune. The initiative has passed from the Trade Unions to the employers' associations, and the counter-offensive of the latter has already secured on most points at least a temporary decision in their favor. Not only have the Unions failed to make good any of their important post-war demands: many of the concessions gained during the war period are also being swept away. The agricultural workers are being deprived of their legal minimum wage: standard wage rates are being cut down by more than the amount corresponding to the fall in prices: such concessions as the guaranteed week and the eight hour day, gained by many trades, are being seriously menaced, if they have not already been lost; and it is becoming an accepted principle that pledges given no longer hold good in face of "changed economic conditions."

According both to the Government and to the employers, the reversals of policy and withdrawals of concessions which are taking place, and still more the disappointment of Labor's larger hopes, are the inevitable outcome of the industrial situation. Employers must withdraw concessions and reduce wages because they cannot afford to pay the sums demanded in view of the decline of trade; and the Government too must cut down expenditure to the minimum, wherever the pretensions of commercial imperialism, which is still strong enough to dominate policy, do

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not require continued extravagance. There is obviously no answer to these contentions, on the basis of the assumptions which the Government and the employers accept as being correct; and, this being so, Labor is once more driven to the conclusion that hardly one of its aspirations can be satisfied, and that even its present position cannot possibly be maintained, without a change of Government. The close alliance between the Coalition Government now in power and the big employers' associations has, of course, immensely facilitated the counter-offensive of capital during the past year; and Labor has come to realize that, if it desires to carry out big industrial changes, it is indispensable that it should have the Government of the country on its side.

The pendulum, therefore, has swung from industrial to political action. There are, indeed, two possible morals of the recent set-backs; and each of them is drawn by a section. The Communists, a small and recently established but growing party, draw the moral that nothing short of revolution will achieve the results desired by the Labor movement. The constitutionalists of the Labor Party, on the other hand, see the need for intensive Parliamentary activity, with a view to a coming General Election, as the moral of the hour. The great bulk of the British Trade Union movement is certainly not Communist, though the persecution of Communists by the Government, and the demonstrated inadequacy of constitutional industrial action, have recently swung a good deal of sympathy in that direction. Nor is the bulk of the Labor movement strictly constitutionalist, as most of the Labor Party leaders are. It is swayed by contemporary events and emotions, and will follow the leaders whose policy seems to promise best at a particular moment. Just now, the Labor Party, which suffered some eclipse during the period when industrial action was in the forefront, is again making great headway, and would undoubtedly command the support of the great mass of the organized workers.

The set-back to the policy of "direct action" clearly does not mean that strong Trade Unions are less necessary to the workers. They are indeed more necessary, in proportion as their functions are less spectacular. Their rôle for the present, from the Labor standpoint, is twofold. They have, first, to fight a rearguard

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action, if possible without actual strikes or lock-outs, against the attempts of the employers to cut down wages and worsen conditions. Secondly, they have to prepare, and to train their members, against the day when a forward move towards the establishment of democratic conditions in industry becomes possible. With these objects, Trade Unions are busily consolidating their forces by amalgamation of rival and overlapping Societies, reforming their methods of internal administration, and initiating schemes of education for their members. A very important plan for the development of Trade Union educational work, submitted by a special committee of Trade Union leaders, is now before the delegates to the coming Trade Union Congress.

Action on these lines, and an intensification of political activity, are clearly indicated as the policy of British Trade Unionism in the immediate future. In one sense, they seem a sad contraction from the ambitious plans and demands of 1918 and 1919, when momentous changes in the industrial system appeared to be in immediate prospect. Labor has produced its plan for a "New Social Order," and has marched once or twice with it round the walls of the city of Capitalism. The walls have not fallen, and it is now understood that the struggle will be longer and far more arduous than was at first imagined. But the aspirations themselves are still there, and have gained a far deeper hold on the British working-class than they had when they were first brought forward. The next phase of the struggle, to be begun with the first favorable turn of economic and political conditions, is likely to bring the forces of the Labor movement far more fully into the field, because there is now a clearer and deeper insight into the issues on which the contest turns.

G. D. H. Cole.

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WHERE ROCKS WAIT

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

I go gallantly enough
Through great empty hours,
Through the heroic loneliness
Of afternoons along the mountain sides:
The dreaming peaks are kin,
And the clouds,
And the grape-blue shadows
Musing through green tree-waves
Like floating islands.

I can watch the marching fires of the days
Sink in blue smoke-smother
Or rise again in far ranging red—
Trampling the stars.

But in the little unexpected minutes
Of familiar needs,
When I turn toward you with unthinking talk,
Or questions—

Then is there instant wildness
In my heart,
As when an even current
Leaps suddenly upon black rocks
And cries,
And breaks its mirrored heaven
In a shrieking pit.

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JOHN SYNGE AND HIS OLD FRENCH FARCE

BY GERTRUDE SCHOEPPERLE

If the plots of Shakespeare and Molière are not original, it would seem unnecessary to require originality of plot from lesser men. But there is a feeling among critics of John Synge that his fame is smirched by the charge that his plots were drawn from books as well as life. The question of Synge's originality is not thus easily disposed of. It lies not in how much he has taken from others, but in how much he has modified what he has taken. An original writer, even when he makes a definite effort faithfully to reproduce another's thought, gives always something less or more, by word or comma or cadence, than that other. Shelley's and Browning's translations of Aeschylus are as much Shelley and Browning as they are Aeschylus.

Especially is it true of Synge that his personality is color where an imitator's is transparency, is sound where an imitator's is silence. A story which has passed into his mind is as water that has flowed into a still pool shut in by brooding, heather-flushed hills. A story woven into one of his plays is like a strain of some old folk story in the work of an ultra-modern musician. Although I shall show how *The Well of the Saints* was fed by a certain hidden spring, I am far from ascribing the virtues of that well to another source. On the contrary, this study serves to discover with extraordinary clearness how transforming a thing was Synge's genius, how entirely original with himself was his ironic vision and the miraculous power of phrase and image.

M. Bourgeois in his admirable book on Synge ranges himself with those Irish admirers who consider it necessary to defend their author against the charge of plagiarism. But although he rejects all previously suggested sources for *The Well of the Saints*, he cannot resist bringing forward one of his own: a story called

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The Maid of Malines which forms the fourth chapter of Lord Lytton's *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1832).

M. Bourgeois admits that Synge himself, when questioned on the subject, said he had never read or heard of *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*. Indeed, the characters, the situations (except one), and the *milieu* have little in them to suggest his play. On the contrary, he told Padraic Colum and William Butler Yeats that he had got the idea of *The Well of the Saints* from a pre-Molière French farce, the name of which he had forgotten.

The number of pre-Molière French farces is so limited that a systematic search through them is not a difficult task. But one looks in vain for a plot resembling *The Well of the Saints*.

Surprisingly enough, it is in the religious drama of the Middle Ages that Synge's "farce" is to be found. The *Mystère de Saint Martin*, composed in the fifteenth century, ends with a miracle performed by the dead body of the saint: Two comrades, Jolestru, a blind man, and Haustebet, a cripple, well satisfied with infirmities which yield them an easy living, have heard tell of the marvellous cures brought about by the remains of Saint Martin. They are both in terror of coming inadvertently upon the procession bearing his body. They know it is to pass somewhere in the vicinity before long. How can they avoid the unlucky train? The miracle is imminent. How escape it? They take themselves off, the blind man carrying the cripple, the cripple using his eyes to direct the blind man. But in vain. They stumble straight into the path of the procession and are healed in spite of themselves. The blind man sees; the cripple walks. After a moment of rebellion they resign themselves to the miracle and join in thanksgiving.

The anonymous *mystère* was reprinted in 1841, and Synge might perhaps have found a copy of it in Paris. But although his biographers have much to say of his fondness for Old French farces, they say nothing of any inclination toward mystery plays, which have indeed a well-established reputation for dulness. Synge did not read Old French, or indeed any foreign language, with great ease, and we can hardly believe he would have labored through the long, edifying life of Saint Martin in black letter, in order to find the rather diverting beggars at the end. Fortu-

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nately this was not the only form in which their story was accessible.

Already in 1496 a certain Andrieu de la Vigne of La Rochelle had been struck by the dramatic possibilities of the posthumous miracle and had had the happy idea of treating it as an independent drama. It had come about in this way: de la Vigne had undertaken to provide a three-day dramatic entertainment for the people of Seurre near Dijon, in honor of Saint Martin, whose abbey had long been the ornament of the town. He had chosen to dramatize the life from the Latin *Vita Sancti Martini* of Sulpicius Severus (365–425). He seems also to have been acquainted with the anonymous *mystère* which we have mentioned. But whether because he disdained its rather wooden style, or because he had almost completed the work before he had access to it, he made use of little more than the incident of the blind man and the cripple. This he detached from the *mystère* and treated as a separate play, with the title: *Moralité de l'aveugle et du boiteux.* To the *mystère* and the *moralité* he added a *Farce du munyer de qui le diable emporte l'ame en enfer*, modeled on the fabliau *Le Pet au Vilain* by Rutebeuf. The three constituted a characteristic medieval trilogy: *mystère, moralité et farce.* The poet's purpose was to give the spectators a due amount of edification in the *mystère*, to follow it by a piece in which the corpse of St. Martin played a secondary rôle, and, finally, breaking loose altogether from the restraint of the good man's presence, to send his audience home laughing over a bit of low comedy in which the only figures not altogether secular were a little devil and an intriguing priest. It is impossible to read de la Vigne without being struck by his likeness to Synge. This court poet of Charles VIII had the same peculiar combination of verve and satire, the same delight in scenes from low life, the same surface laughter, and the same underlying violence and bitterness that we find in *The Well of the Saints.*

De la Vigne called *L'aveugle et le boiteux* a *moralité.* The term was used in the Middle Ages to designate a didactic piece in verse, inspired by an edifying intention or simply a philosophical idea. Although the notion of allegory is frequently associated with the term *moralité*, its use was really not an essential characteristic:

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it was the intention of moralizing that marked the *genre*. Certain *moralités* which dealt with historical personages are little different from the *mystères*. Others, among them our *L'aveugle et le boiteux*, are scarcely discernible from farces except by their didactic intention, always persistent, but often concealed beneath their other purpose, that of amusing the spectators. It is curious that the form which seems to us characteristically Synge's should have been so common in the Middle Ages as to constitute a *genre*. *The Shadow of the Glen*, *The Tinker's Wedding*, *The Playboy of the Western World* are just that hybrid thing which the fifteenth century called *moralité joyeuse* or *farce morale*.

De la Vigne's *mystère* has not yet found an editor, but his *moralité* and his farce have enjoyed more favor. Francisque Michel published them among his *Poésies du XV^e^ et XVI^e^ siecle*, Edouard Fournier in his *Théâtre avant la Renaissance*, and Paul La Croix in his *Recueil des farces de la Bibliothèque Gauloise*. The last named volume contains only one other play besides the Pathelin pieces and de la Vigne's *moralité* and farce. It was probably in this collection that Synge made the acquaintance of *L'aveugle et le boiteux*, since he referred to the piece as a "pre-Molière farce."

A short time after reading de la Vigne's *moralité*, my idea that it was the piece that had suggested *The Well of the Saints* received interesting confirmation. Without saying anything of the medieval play, I asked Mr. Padraic Colum to tell me what he remembered of Synge's remarks about the farce that had suggested to him *The Well of the Saints*. "What I remember distinctly," he replied, "is the picture Synge gave me, the man being carried on to the stage on the shoulders of someone." It is an interesting case of visual memory that the image of *L'aveugle et le boiteux* should have lingered for some twenty years in the poet's mind, when he had forgotten, if indeed Synge had ever told him, that, of the two beggars, the one was blind and the other a cripple, and that the blind man carried the cripple on his back.

The incident of *L'aveugle et le boiteux* in the anonymous *mystère* is not well enough told to interest a modern reader. The only dramatic moment is when the two comrades run to avoid

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the saint. In de la Vigne's play, however, the scene is made to yield a good deal of dramatic suspense. The two beggars, strangers to each other when the play begins, are coming from opposite directions whining for alms. They discover each other's presence and compare their infirmities. When the blind man falls to lamenting the loss of the boy who had served him as guide, the cripple suggests a partnership. With many mishaps the blind man gropes his way toward him, and the cripple mounts on his back. A bit of unsavory business, less likely to be found humorous by a modern audience than by a fifteenth century one, brings them again on their separate feet, and at this moment they hear the trumpets announcing the procession which bears the body of the saint.

In the older *mystère* the partnership has been formed in the hope, cherished by both, of avoiding just this encounter. Once cured, however, both had united in praising God, and the *mystère* had come to an edifying conclusion with this incident, the archdeacon and Bricet calling upon the spectators to learn from the miracle to put themselves in Saint Martin's charge.

Andrieu de la Vigne's *moralité*, not bearing the burden of furnishing a conclusion for the *mystère*, can afford to end on a less edifying note. The author takes advantage of this freedom in order to differentiate his two beggars, and, by the contrast, to heighten the dramatic effect. The blind man is a simple fellow, eager to learn more of the saint, and get healing. The cripple, however, knows the world, and opens the other's eyes to the market value of his infirmity. The blind man is thus persuaded to join his fellow in the effort to avoid the miracle. When, however, they are overtaken by the procession, and are made whole, the air is rent by the thanksgiving of the one and the curses of the other.

The sudden and unexpected sound of the approaching procession, the frantic efforts of the two beggars stumbling about in various directions to avoid it, the blind man's confusion of mind before the miracle, and their opposite emotions after it—all these in de la Vigne's play are presented with much dramatic art. It was these scenes, no doubt, that appealed to Synge, for he has used all of them in *The Well of the Saints*. With what added effect we shall now briefly indicate.

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L'aveugle et le boiteux and *The Well of the Saints* have the same opening scene of the two beggars in the road, crying for alms.

THE BLIND MAN. Alms for one penniless and blind,
Who never yet hath seen at all!
THE CRIPPLE. Pray, to the poor lame man be kind
With gout he cannot trudge or crawl!

In Synge the two beggars, Martin Doul and his wife Mary, are both blind.

MARTIN DOUL. Leave a bit of silver for blind Martin, your honor. Leave a bit of silver, or a penny copper itself, and we'll be praying the Lord to bless you and you going the way.

In both plays, when the blind man has first been healed, he cries out with thanksgiving and joy. The words of the medieval beggar are the phrases of conventional piety, with a platitude added on the value of good eyesight:

THE BLIND MAN. I'm henceforth in this good saint's debt.
I see as never I saw before.
What a great fool I was to let
Myself be cozened into fleeing,
There's nothing, search the wide world o'er
That to my mind's as good as seeing.

It seems to be very good eyesight that he has gained, for his first glance embraces two provinces or more:

THE BLIND MAN. I was a very dunderhead
To leave the good safe road, and tread
The doubtful by-path, wandering.
Alas, full little had I guessed
That clear sight was so great a thing
Now I can look on fair Savoy,
And Burgundy and France the blest.
Humbly I thank God for this joy.

But Martin Doul's thanksgiving is vivid with green fern and blue sky. His words are touched with the extravagant fancy native to Ireland's peasants, fed on tales of Padraic and Brigit and Columcille in their gold and silver and crystal chairs in heaven, and the Kings of the East making pilgrimages with boxes of gold and frankincense and myrrh. And it is not only the beauty of the visible world that the miracle is to bring Martin

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Doul, but the first sight of his wife, "the beautiful dark woman" whom he has heard called "the great wonder of the West":

MARTIN DOUL (ecstatically). O, glory be to God, I see now surely . . . I see the walls of the church, and the green bits of ferns in them, and yourself, holy father, and the green width of the sky.

He runs out, half-foolish with joy, and comes past Mary Doul (his wife) as she scrambles to her feet, drawing a little away from her as he goes by.

TIMMY (*to the others*). He doesn't know her at all.

MARTIN DOUL (*crying out joyfully*). That's Timmy, I know Timmy by the black of his head. . . . That's Mat Simon, I know Mat Simon by the length of his legs. (*He sees Molly Byrne on Mary Doul's seat, and his voice changes completely.*) O, it was no lie they told me, Mary Doul, O, glory be to God and the seven saints I didn't die and not see you at all. The blessing of God on the water and the feet carried it round through the land. The blessing of God on this day, and them that brought me the Saint, for its grand hair you have (*she lowers her head, a little confused*) and soft skin, and eyes would make the saints, if they were dark awhile and seeing again, fall down out of the sky. (*He goes nearer to her.*) Hold up your head, Mary, the way I'll see it's richer I am than the great kings of the east.

The medieval beggar had foreseen the disadvantages which the miracle would entail. A sound man must toil and be glad of a bit of bread, where the beggar gets dainties; he must carry an empty purse where the beggar can count his coins.

THE CRIPPLE. Why, when I'm cured I'll waste away
Of hunger. Everyone will shout
"Be off and do some honest labor."
No, you'll not find one that saint's neighbor;
For if he fixed me up, they'd call
Me vagabond, and one would bawl:
"That brazen rascal, sound of limb,
The galleys are the place for him."

. . .

I tell you I care not a straw
To go and have the saint remove
My malady. . . .

. . .

I dare pledge if he cured you wholly
In a short time you'd feel regret.
Folk would not give you anything
But bread, and never would you get
A tasty bit.

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THE BLIND MAN. May Heaven bring
Some great doom on my head or let
Them strip from off my skin
Enough for two belts ere I'd set
My eyes on him.
THE CRIPPLE. Think, too, how thin
Your purse would be.

Although Synge's beggar is also a shrewd fellow in his way, he has to learn by experience what he loses with his blindness. Healed of it, he must sweat and toil long days in the shop of Timmy the Smith:

MARTIN DOUL. It's more I got a while since, and I sitting blinded in Grianan, than I get in this place, working hard, and destroying myself, the length of the day.

But what Martin most bitterly regrets is the loss of his illusions about life. His fancied world of beauty must give way now to the ugliness that makes up too large a part of the world he sees:

MARTIN DOUL. I do be thinking it's well for the blind don't be seeing the gray clouds driving on the hill, and don't be looking on people with their noses red, the like of your nose, and their eyes weeping and watering the like of your eyes, God help you, Timmy the Smith.

. . .

. . . and it should be a hard thing for the Almighty God to be looking on the world, bad days, and on men the like of yourself walking round on it, and they slipping each way in the muck.

Bitterest of all the bitter things that blindness had spared him is the sight of his wife. They had mocked him, he finds, when they called her "the great wonder of the West." The poor "old wizendy hag" that he had drawn away from as he passed is his mate, and they are both a "pair of pitiful shows." In his horror he cries out cruelly:

Go on now to be seeking a lonesome place where the earth can hide you away; go on now, I'm saying, or you'll be having men and women with their knees bled, and they screaming to God for a holy water would darken their sight, for there's no man but would liefer be blind a hundred years, or a thousand itself, than to be looking on your like.

The plight of the medieval beggar deprived of his trade is farce; but this "little old shabby stump of a man," "with fat

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legs on him and the little neck like a ram," is a tragic figure. He is tragic because of the terrible intensity of his vision, because he is stung to madness by the sight of age rotting for the grave and "youth shining . . . like a high lamp would drag in the ships out of the sea." In *The Well of the Saints*, Synge has found words to make us feel the anguish which has haunted poets from the beginning of time, the anguish of watching beauty fade, and all things decay, and standing helpless to see youth "running toward the sod of his death."

In the medieval play, when the cripple has been healed in spite of his efforts to escape, he curses the saint.

In Synge's play also the beggars fail to avoid their would-be benefactors, but when the saint is lifting the can to drop the holy water upon Martin Doul, the blind man dashes it from his hand and sets it rocketing across the stage.

In the medieval play, when the body of the saint approaches, there is a great scurry to get away. The beggars seek frantically for some place to hide. The comedy is entirely in the action. The dialogue serves only to punctuate it:

THE BLIND MAN. Listen, I say.
THE LAME MAN. Listen to what?
THE BLIND MAN. Whatever's making that to-do?
THE LAME MAN. Perhaps the saint!
THE BLIND MAN. Horrible thought
No longer we'd be catered to.
Hark?
THE LAME MAN. After it the whole town chases.
THE BLIND MAN. Go, look, what's making all the pother.
THE LAME MAN. Bad luck is close upon our traces.
Good master, it's the saint, no other.
THE BLIND MAN. Quick, let's be off, we must not bide
I fear he'll catch us after all.
THE LAME MAN. Under some window let us hide
Or in the corner of a wall.
Look out, don't trip.
THE BLIND MAN. The devil's in it,—
To fall at such an awkward minute.
THE LAME MAN. Pray God he do not spy us here
Too cruel would be our estate,

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THE BLIND MAN. My heart is bitten through with fear
We've fallen upon an evil fate.
THE LAME MAN. Lie low, my master, take good care,
And we'll crawl off beneath some stair.

In the third act of Synge's play blindness is again mercifully falling upon Martin and Mary Doul, and their sight has again grown dim. They draw together from old habit, delighted to return to their old differences of opinion and the familiar roadside life of dreams. They have found a new illusion to cherish: Mary, the beauty of the soft white hair she will have soon; and Martin "the beautiful long, white, silken, streamy beard" that she will envy him. Suddenly they hear a sound. They are terrified at the prospect of being healed again, and, like the French beggars, use all their wits and agility to escape. But here there is more than the rough comedy of action. There is wit, and there is pathos; for the Irish beggars distinguish between the protection of God and the meddling of saints, and know the worthlessness of their novitiate in ways of seeing:

A faint sound of a bell is heard.

MARY DOUL. It's not the churches, for the wind is blowing from the sea.

MARTIN DOUL (with dismay). It's the old saint, I'm thinking, ringing his bell.

MARY DOUL. The Lord protect us from the saints of God! (*They listen.*) He's coming this road surely.

MARTIN DOUL (tentatively). Will we be running off, Mary Doul?

MARY DOUL. What place would we run?

MARTIN DOUL. There's the little path going up through the sloughs. . . . If we reached the bank above, where the elders do be growing, no person would see a sight of us, if it was a hundred yeomen were passing itself; but I'm afeared after the time we were with our sight we'll not find our way to it at all.

They grope about the gap, stumbling amid the roots of a fallen tree. With much difficulty they make their way to an elder bush behind the church, and with many precautions crouch in it, unconscious that they are plainly visible.

The Well of the Saints, in all it has of poignancy and poetry, in all it has of joy in the beauty of the sensible world, in all its richness of imagery and intensity of passion, is Synge's and Synge's alone. The story of a blind man's partnership with a cripple, however, is as old as Confucius, and has been retold in every

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generation, no doubt, from his time to ours. We have an account of the healing of two beggars by Saint Martin, which was written down as early as the tenth century. In *The Golden Legend* (1298) the miracle is performed by Saint Martin upon a blind man and a cripple who had been aiding each other to escape it. The story is retold again and again in the Middle Ages, in vernacular verse as well as in medieval drama and Latin hagiography.

Andrieu de la Vigne was the first, it seems, to envisage it as satire. It is striking to see how closely Synge holds, in dramatic essentials, to the treatment of the Burgundian poet. In both plays the characters are a composite of *naïveté*, superstition, and shrewdness. The situations, as we have just seen, although their sequence is different, are strikingly similar. The *milieu* is the same: low life in a community in which the doctrines of the medieval Church are accepted with whole heart and literal mind. In both there is the intention of satire. Behind both there is the spirit of bitter rebellion. In a world such as this, they say, it is better to be blind than to see, better to be still than to move, better not to be than to be.

GERTRUDE SCHOEPPERLE.

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PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY

BY FRANCIS ROGERS

THERE are in English two words that the dictionaries treat as almost, if not quite, synonymous in meaning, which to my mind symbolize two fundamentally different ideas. One of these words is *personality;* the other *individuality.* The first is derived from the Latin *persona,* mask, and signifies the mask worn by every soul on its journey through the world, through human life. It is the medium through which we are known to other human beings and communicate with them. We may say that it is a kind of shell, the external and superficial part of us. Individuality, the derivation of which from the Latin is equally clear, is our individual and indivisible part. Chesterton in his study of the life of the painter, Watts, calls Faith the irreducible minimum of Hope. So individuality may be described as the irreducible minimum of man, his immortal soul.

Individuality is, then, the real I; personality only the seeming. Personality is the incarnation of individuality. "We descend to meet." It is our personalities that greet one another when we meet, "drain the cup before the tavern fire," do business, discuss politics and the cost of living, and speculate learnedly as to the true nature of immortality. Individuality, on the contrary, is the inmost kernel of our being, is essentially isolated, and seldom, if ever, meets another individuality face to face. It is the friend that Emerson described but never knew. But it is the I that God registers in his eternal books. It is the deathless seed that under the fostering care of a wise and loving Father grows finally into the tree of a full and fruitful life.

Life is continuous and immortal, punctuated only by the phenomenon known as death. "In my Father's house are many mansions." The interruption of death is only the connecting door between one house of life and its neighbor. Human experience is a great university established for the education of our

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individualities. On its books we are entered and recorded as individualities, though from matriculation to graduation we are known to our fellow students as personalities, except when, in our highest moments, we reveal our true identity to other discerning and sympathetic individualities.

Personality is individuality playing its part in the human comedy; it is "the player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and is no more." It is the make-up, costume, lines and action of the rôle for which individuality is cast. After the final curtain costume and stage setting are laid away and the impersonation becomes a thing of reminiscence only. The memory of most impersonations fades and then disappears utterly, although that of some few—wonderfully few in proportion to the total number—by reason of their words and deeds finds a more or less enduring place in the pages of written history. With the impersonation, individuality disappears from human ken, to play other parts on other stages, and to acquire little by little a technic that shall enable it finally to impersonate perfectly the rôle of a fully developed human soul.

The Why, the Whence, and the Whither of individuality are unknown and unknowable. We glimpse a little of the How; beyond that all is silence. Once in an age a mighty individuality, rich in experience and wise from the formative schooling of countless personalities, comes upon the world's stage as protagonist, shows us how a great tragic part should be played, then passes into the wings and is seen no more. To our loss and sorrow, we seldom recognize the greatness of the actor till the curtain has fallen and the lights are extinguished. The opportunity has slipped by and we are left to scrutinize the individuality that has gone on, as through a glass darkly, by means only of our memory of the personality. How quickly these memories become faraway and vague! Lincoln has been dead scarcely fifty years and he is already become to us a person of tradition. Many men still living clasped his hand, looked into his eyes, heard his voice; but how little they can tell us of the loveliness and power of the individuality that manifested itself through the medium of that uncouth personality!

Individuality, the mysterious and silent, leaves behind it few

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traces describable in words, for individuality speaks to individuality only, and then by that wireless telegraphy whose code is known to highly spiritualized souls alone. Individuality has its lesson to learn, its part to play; the lesson is well learned, the part is well played—thoroughly learned and thoroughly played—for God never works in vain or fails to achieve his ends. But how little we can say about it all! The Recording Angel is the only biographer of individuality. The noblest life ever lived stands alone in having bequeathed to us the essence of its individuality, an inheritance that is the guiding star and inspiration to millions of human souls. Of the personality that clothed it we have scarcely a conception.

Personality is, of course, obvious enough. It enunciates new doctrines, accumulates vast material wealth, it sways multitudes by its eloquence and seems really to control the history of the nations. We are quick to recognize its potency. But, when all is said and done, how little of personality survives the living presence! Scarcely a score of the great figures in history have left more than a nebulous, shadowy memory of their personalities. Julius Caesar, St. Paul, St. Francis, Mahomet, Luther, Cromwell, Voltaire, Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln, whose names are household words, and about whom innumerable volumes have been written, are to us merely "cloudy symbols" of great historical movements. Hamlet, Othello and Macbeth, figments only of a poet's brain, are more real to us than the mightiest historical personalities, for in them we approach more nearly to the enduring part, the individuality of man. From the poet who can create

> Forms more real than living man,
> Nurslings of Immortality,

we derive our truest glimpses of individuality; and it is through the glass of imagination that we descry most clearly the eternal verities of our nature.

And yet, although individuality is the real and enduring part of us—what we are "worth to God"—we must not depreciate the value of personality. Personality is the only means by which individuality can perform its work and learn its lesson in this mundane life. In personality we lead our lives and communicate

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and work with our fellow creatures. It is, in a sense, both play and player, scholar and teacher, the tool and the hand that wields it; without it, individuality would have no capacity for self-expression or self-development.

> Let us not always say,
> 'Spite of this flesh to-day,
> I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!
> As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry, "All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."

All human life is but a discipline, a going to school. This life of ours, which we are leading to-day with as much intensity and interest as if it had had no birth before elsewhere, and were to have no setting here, is (to use again a previous metaphor) but one brief course in an infinitely diverse curriculum, a soul-expanding experience

> Ere I be gone
> Once more on my adventure brave and new.

Whence come we? Whither go we? What is it all about, anyway? To these questions we can receive answers only in terms of pure imagination. The secret of life is unknowable. But even the records of the material world tell us "in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind." Of God's ultimate purposes we can assert only that they are pure, but He vouchsafes us here and again hints of His methods—"echoes from beyond the grove."

> Often as the inward ear
> Catches such rebounds, beware!—
> Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
> For of God,—of God they are.

From these echoes and glimpses of the eternal purpose, which in our highest imaginative moments meet our inner senses, we can realize, each of us for himself, something of the true relation existing between individuality and personality and construct a philosophy of life of substantial value.

FRANCIS ROGERS.

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SCHOOLS AND DAUGHTERS

BY EDITH HAMILTON

"SUZANNE," said Miss Coleman, as we seated ourselves at the lunch table, "has decided to go to college. She is to have two years of boarding school before she goes. To tell the truth, she's something of a puzzle. Now you know about schools," continued Suzanne's aunt; "where should you advise us to send her?"

"I may know something about schools," said I, "but please remember that I know nothing about Suzanne."

"Suzanne—well, Suzanne is confusing. She wants to go abroad and then come back here for college. She's heard of Bedale's in Hants. She likes the sound of Hants and Bateman's Burwash and Wormwood Scrubbs. To me they sound dirty. And that reminds me—the bathing arrangements at Bedale's seem odd, quite Greek, in fact. But Suzanne is interested in the classics."

"Yes," said I, "Suzanne is confusing."

The detachment with which my guest had questioned me in regard to a suitable school for her niece illustrates the attitude of the average parent or guardian. Again and again a school is chosen without regard to the needs of the girl who is to be sent to school. Whatever analysis is undertaken—and it is little enough in any case—is of the school rather than of the girl. "Oh, yes," says a mother, "that's a good school. Alice Gray went there and liked it immensely. It must be all right, because Mrs. Gray is very particular." And it was undoubtedly all right for Alice Gray; but will it, therefore, meet the needs of Helen Brown? Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Brown are fundamentally different women; good women both, I grant, but inheritance and training have produced for each of them fundamentally different daughters. For one automatically to play follow the leader to the other may result in a mistake for the daughter that can never be eradicated. The first requirement, then, for anyone who is trying to direct

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the education of a young girl, is to understand the needs of the girl herself, in so far as it is possible for one fallible human being to perceive the needs of another.

Courage is necessary for the impartial analysis of a daughter. A mother hesitates partly for fear of playing the intruder, conscious as "crabbed age" has always been of an impassible barrier between itself and youth; partly for fear of discovering qualities that may prove a challenging problem to cope with, partly from the dread of ensuing disappointment. She would vehemently insist that she is scrupulous in the matter of health: she would quote dentist's bills for the straightening of recalcitrant teeth; she would tell you of the latest corrective exercises for stooped shoulders; she would assure you of the unconscionable sums necessary to fill the prescriptions for her daughter's Oxford glasses. But before mental and moral examinations she quails. It is not an exhilarating experience to acknowledge that in mental capacity her daughter does not, seemingly, measure up to the standard of someone else's daughter. There is humiliation, undoubtedly, in confessing that a daughter has failed to pass essential examinations. But were the examinations essential? Had not the girl been placed where she did not belong? Very probably her failure was due less to general mental inferiority than to lack of opportunity to exercise her power in lines where she would have shown real proficiency. Her unhappy position may be traced directly to the parents' disinclination to gauge their child's capacities. It is true that a girl may possess a very real lack of high intellectual quality; yet she may develop into a happy and useful woman. But if the parents, unwilling to acknowledge even to themselves that their child has not the expertness in grasping facts and in formulating ideas that their neighbor's daughter possesses, and pridefully force her to tasks that are not only uncongenial but impossible, pain and even tragedy may result.

Not for a moment do I mean that any child should be told that her abilities are second rate; I would have her encouraged and required to do her best. But to place her in a school where the competition runs high, where she is straining at tasks that are impossible for her, where she is embarrassed and perhaps shamed

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by successive failures, is to run the risk of making her encase herself in a covering of defiance through which it is hard to break, or of making her weakly suspicious that she is one of the inefficient for whom the world has no need.

I recall the case of a girl whose father, unwilling to make an honest estimate of his daughter's intellect, placed her in a school that made a specialty of college preparatory work. There, he said, she was to stay until she was ready for college; and there she stayed for seven years, loathing her Latin and mathematics, and, worse still, finally loathing the father who selfishly refused to understand her. To him the school authorities had to confess that his daughter's classmates had long since passed their entrance examinations and were launched on their college course. Then the school opened a department that offered domestic science and handicrafts, and the girl came into her own. In defiance of the father's wishes, her teachers flung aside the Latin and algebra, turned her loose amid the shining new kitchen appointments, made her secretary of the school chapter of the Red Cross, and proved to the father that his daughter had already become a serviceable woman without the aid of a college education.

But if it is necessary to know one's daughter, it is also necessary to know her school. I speak especially of the need to know the boarding school, to the influences of which she may be subjected for her most impressionable years. That many parents think it advisable to send their daughters away from home for college preparatory or finishing courses is evidenced by the large number of flourishing boarding schools throughout the country, more especially in the North Atlantic States. The principals are prosperous, even rich, women, who are able to pay their teachers salaries far beyond those paid to college teachers. Such conditions exist because parents keep the schools full at prices sometimes incommensurate with the benefit their children receive. But, someone says, how are parents to know whether a school will meet their child's requirements? Granted that the parents have had the daring to formulate those requirements, should they not have the wisdom to examine various schools until they make discovery of the one that seems most likely to meet their

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daughter's needs? Hundreds of mothers and daughters take long journeys to Chicago every spring and fall merely that they may have a choicer selection of millinery than that afforded by their own small mining or lumbering or oil town. Yet they are reluctant to add a few hours to their journey in order to investigate the school in which it is proposed to leave a daughter for three years. A telegram that reserves a vacancy in a school is dispatched with an indifference equal to that with which the father wires to his hotel for a room during a hurried business trip.

But not all parents show this naïve faith, or lack of interest, or plain unintelligence, or whatever it may be. They desire conscientiously, even with nervous anxiety, to select the school that shall best meet the peculiar needs of their child. Undoubtedly the curriculum is important, but of vastly greater importance is that intangible something called tone, and the tone of a school emanates from the principal. Therefore acquaintance with her is of prime importance. Now such acquaintance is, I am aware, in some cases well nigh impossible. Nevertheless it should be undertaken. Correspondence will do something; personal interviews will do more. If the correspondence looks one way with golden promises reinforced in a carefully phrased prospectus, and the principal herself seems to look another way, the chances are that the tone of the school will be neither equable nor robust.

I recall once going to visit a school charming to the eye with its green turf sloping gently to the sea, its beautiful swimming pool, its well-stocked library, its brasses and good mahogany in the drawing-room—where the principal's office, the big artery of the school life, was a maudlin confusion. The head of the school sat at a desk littered with soiled gloves, telegrams, proof sheets, a vase of unsavory lilacs, and endeavored to carry on with me a conversation that was broken by annoyed orders to a nervous boy-in-buttons and irritated answers to telephone calls. I sat by the window, glancing when I could across the green at a quiet half-moon of sand. Later my experience as a member of the staff of that school consistently bore out my first impression. The poise which it is imperative that every girl should acquire, and which she will most easily acquire by imitation, was lacking in our principal. All the teachers and the more sensitive

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girls worked under a strain. To be sure casual visitors of not too analytical intentions were delighted by the prettily managed social life; they did not suspect the subterfuges that women will almost certainly develop in an attempt to eradicate daily friction. In such surroundings the uncalculating freedom that is the prerogative of youth was impossible.

The adolescent years are too prone to nervous irritability for any parent to run the risk of increasing the less pleasant phenomena of development. All youth is naturally imitative and girls will of their own accord model themselves upon a woman whom they admire. The morale of a school depends upon its leader. Of comparative insignificance are oddities in dress, speech, or manner; of high importance are graciousness and mental poise. Happily there are many principals who possess these desirable qualities. The curriculum is, to be sure, important. One reason why parents should completely understand their daughter is to prevent their sending her where the school curriculum does not offer opportunities for the development of her peculiar mentality: she should not be placed where college preparatory work is stressed if she has shown special aptitude for household arts; nor where everyone is playing prettily at devising novel salads and bonbons if she has a mind that grows rebellious unless it is busied with the niceties of mathematical problems and Latin grammar. Fads in courses suggest that the head mistress lacks a sense of proportion, that she has failed to see big things large and little things small; whereas a well-balanced curriculum suggests that sanity is likely to pervade the entire school life. No parent, through indifference or poor judgment, should run the risk of placing a daughter where steadying influences do not emanate from the principal. Impressionable youth will recognize and make her own the beautiful balance that a wise parent has enabled her to touch in the daily life of her school.

Only second in importance to the qualities of the principal are the characters of the teachers associated with her. Often, indeed nearly always, a girl comes into closer personal contact with teachers than with principal. To the latter everyone looks for general guidance; to the former the individual girl often owes the direct supervision of intimate personal matters. The selection

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of clothes, the choice of reading, gossip over teacups in a pretty study, bedtime talks, belong more especially to teacher and pupil. The members of a community made up entirely of women live under artificial conditions. Since this is so, there is need of additional caution to keep the atmosphere wholesome.

To find teachers who are stimulating without being sensational is not easy. Some principals deliberately cater to the sentimentalism of girlhood and do not hesitate to retain in their schools women who take advantage of plastic youth to obtain for themselves gifts and attentions that they crave. Such women are often expert in attracting girls and help to keep them entertained, but whether the relationship is for the pupil's ultimate good may be questioned. A girl of seventeen wrote to me:

"I'm going to tell you about a Person. She came to my prep school to teach either English or Latin, but they were out a math teacher so she took that place. She lives in a Settlement House that *stinks* with straw the blind people in the basement are making brooms with—but her room is a small oasis of brown rugs and nasturtiums in a brown vase. And she always wears one-piece things—brown or green. And she knows how impossibly good-looking she is. She's the mental Grasshopper. She's the kind that leaves you leaning against the door, trying to break away—your face stiff with a forced leer. She's insultingly clever. She has no respect and no enthusiasm and no morals. Life for her is a game to outwit the rest of the world. She likes Max Eastman and Vachel Lindsay and Russian Jews—her latest is that chap who charges thirty dollars an hour to teach you how to Radiate and Be. She's read everything new in manuscript. And when you're with her, she invariably talks about *you* with the most consummate egotism in the world. *And*—her name is Smith. But she isn't hateful."

Fascinating or amusing or really informative as such a women may be, one has to ask whether she is, perhaps, the healthiest companion for one's daughter's intimate moments. The well-balanced young person who has already acquired a certain sense of values will take Miss Smith not too seriously; but the unpoised girl, oscillating among half a dozen fads, will be swept off her feet and will adore her goddess, usually not from a distance, grow madly jealous of rival worshippers, and altogether manage to waste upon such a friendship a vast deal of time, money, and nervous energy. A principal recognizes the decorative value of Miss Smith and the serviceableness of her clever talk. But a

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mother may well demur about whether this is just the influence she most desires for her young daughter. A school where fads, sensationalism, extremes of any sort, preponderate is not what the mother wants; she is, rather, searching for a school that shall offer less caviare and more plain food, wholesome but at the same time palatable.

Choice of a college as well as choice of a school must be regulated by the needs of the girl in question. Only last summer I heard the head mistress of a prosperous Pittsburg school remark, "Oh, it doesn't make any difference where girls go to college; they all love their colleges no matter where you send them." This I know to be untrue, for my own years of teaching college girls have proved that students after an experimental year or two in one college frequently transfer to another. The selecting of a college may in two respects seem to a parent easier than the selecting of a school: the field is more restricted and the daughter oftener makes the decision for herself. But if the choice of a college is sometimes less arduous, it is more far-reaching in its consequences. Boarding school experience often lasts for only two years, but college lasts for twice that time and is more vitally related to a girl's life work. Opportunities and aims are not the same in all colleges. One has only to glance over Alice Freeman Palmer's *Three Types of Women's Colleges*, already quaintly out of date though some of it is, to discover that the fundamental differences among the colleges there described—the co-educational institution, the independent college for women and the annex of a great university—remain as they were in 1890. A parent who thinks that any college will fit the needs of any girl will do well to disabuse himself immediately of that idea.

With some girls physical considerations must come first. If a girl is none too robust, the college course is going to put her health to a rigorous test. Why, therefore, should she be sent where the requirements are superlatively severe and where the opportunities for outdoor life are curtailed by city surroundings? For such a girl a college in the country may offer rarely beautiful surroundings that invite to every form of outdoor activity. Here there is less chance of her growing fagged than there would be if, in her free moments, she had no place but

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city streets in which to pass her time. On the other hand, a girl with rugged health that flourishes anywhere could without harm be subjected to four years of hard work in the more restricted physical surroundings of a city college.

Physical needs are, perhaps, more easily determined than mental needs. The over-conventional girl, the girl who has somehow managed, even at eighteen, to get herself into ruts of thought and action, who is priggish and scared to think, needs to be tumbled into an atmosphere where ideas are flung about without too much caution, where her own ideas are bumped about with everybody else's ideas, where she is sometimes regarded and oftener disregarded, where the expected thing is seldom said, where she strangles and gasps and—somehow survives. On the contrary, the girl who is over-inquisitive but not wisely curious, who hates restraint but who has not yet learned to distinguish between the ephemeral and the permanent, who is, for the moment, finding Greenwich Village important, will perhaps be benefited by a college where the thought is less experimental and follows somewhat cautiously paths that have already been tested and found to lead somewhere.

Special mental aptitudes need consideration. Recently there came to me a college girl whose family was soon, because of the father's business, to transfer itself from East Orange to London. Where was the daughter to finish her college course? Knowing, as I did, her interest in English literature, I named at once Oxford, St. Margaret's, St. Hilda's, thinking all the while of her beautiful opportunity to listen, in those rare surroundings, to scholars whose names she already knew in books. A few days later she came to me again. "Mother," she said, "has been talking with one of her friends who's been abroad a good deal, and this friend advises Cambridge on account of health conditions, —the buildings aren't so old as those at Oxford." As little discrimination as this good lady showed is evidenced by many parents. Their daughter possesses, for example, a lively interest in dramatic composition: she has already written two or three successful little plays for children. With this work she is eager to proceed, yet she is sent to a college where, to her surprise, she finds no opportunity to pursue her special interest, when she

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might have gone to another where such opportunity would be abundant. Or if the dearest experience in her high school course has been the editing of her school magazine and she longs to study journalism, as likely as not she travels from Honolulu to an eastern college, only to find that the course she longed for was to be had at a western university. It is amazing and pitiful that the names of the greatest scholars in America are unfamiliar to our college-going public, and that parents will not take pains to bring their daughters into contact with the minds that could best minister to their needs.

I daresay that all our women's colleges have in the main the same general ideal of education; yet their specific ideals are not the same and their methods of achieving their ends are amazingly different. Everyone knows that the slogan of one college has always been "We turn out intelligent gentlewomen!" Another college aims to create scholars; another still, breadwinners. I talked recently with a woman who had been visiting two important eastern colleges for women. In one college it seemed to her that a group of conscientious instructors was arranging the class period with scrupulous care. Every word was planned with a view to the greatest economy of time and thought. The line of action was meticulously formulated. The thoughts of the students marched in good order between two carefully erected fences. March they did for fifty minutes; stragglers were not tolerated. In the other, beautiful roadways were pointed out, scores of them; students strolled down them a little way and caught glimpses of whither the roads led; they longed sometimes to follow those roads far, oh, very far; perhaps the multiplicity of roads seemed confusing at the moment, yet one knew they stretched on purposefully. During the hour some students never strolled at all, but remained stuck at the beginning; their inertia was their own business: if they did not care to stray down the fair paths pointed out, no one minded that they chose to stay behind. There are advantages in each method. Part of the parents' problem is to discover which one meets their daughter's needs.

EDITH HAMILTON.

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

G. K. CHESTERTON

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

THERE is a legend, much beholden to Shakespeare, that learning and leanness are akin to each other, while dull wits flourish in company with obesity. The curious submission sometimes made by Shakespeare to common prejudices and ignorance, glorified by the name of legend, caused him too often to forget the obligation of the aristocrat to think for himself, and remember only to think with the mob; and the singular fact about this forgetfulness of his is that when he chose to think with the mob, he nearly always did so when the mob was in the wrong. He preferred the judgment of the street to the judgment of informed minds when he wrote *Richard the Third*, and allowed himself to malign that excellent and most capable prince and monarch. Richard was one of the ablest of the kings of England, but Shakespeare, forgetting his obligations to his own genius, portrays him as a pervert with a mania for blood. He yields to the common view in his references to fat men. Falstaff is fat and flighty and a coward, a drunkard, a braggart and a misleader of young princes, although the prototype of Sir John was himself a man of known courage. Cassius was deemed to think too much because he had a lean and hungry look. Julius Caesar desired the society of fat men who, presumably, indulged but seldom in thought and never in any that could be called dangerous. Fat men are endowed with but one tolerable virtue: that of good nature; and if any fat man ever enters heaven, it will be because of his equable temper and in spite of his corpulence.

Mr. Chesterton is a fat man. There is a rumor in England that many Americans felt they had been defrauded of their money when they went to hear him lecture lately because he was hardly

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so fat as they had been led to believe! He certainly is not so bulky now, because of a serious illness, as he was when I first knew him, but in those days he was undeniably an enormous man. And in himself he is a complete refutation of the legend that fat men are dull men. Dr. Johnson was another fat man whose large flesh covered a large intellect. Dr. Johnson, indeed, was so able a man that, in spite of an incorrigibly lazy character, which kept him abed of mornings when he ought to have been improving the shining hour, he compiled a dictionary with little assistance which, so Frenchmen said, would have engaged the labors of forty French scholars for a long time.

These legends about men of wit and dull men need to be revised. There have been as many fat men of genius as there have been lean men of genius. There have been as many epicurean geniuses as there have been ascetic geniuses—indeed, my experience is that men of great mental energy are fonder of their food than many men with torpid minds; and some of the ablest men I know are excessively addicted to the pleasures of the table. Mr. Shaw is a fastidious feeder, with odd likes and dislikes, but no one could say that he is indifferent to what he eats. It is, I think, an ironic commentary on the legend that fat men are lacking in cleverness, that much the cleverest of those who oppose the opinions of the lean Mr. Shaw is the fat Mr. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton, indeed, was sent into the world by an All-Just God for the exclusive purpose of saying the opposite to Mr. Shaw. With the most complimentary intention I say that Mr. Chesterton's job in the world is, when Mr. Shaw speaks, to reply, "On the contrary! . . ." He has to restore the balance which Mr. Shaw very vigorously disturbs. Mr. Chesterton is considerably younger than Mr. Shaw, much younger than most people, on seeing him, imagine him to be. He was born in London in 1874, and therefore is still three years short of fifty. His book on Browning was published when he was twenty-nine, and *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* when he was thirty. The bulk of his work, and certainly the best of it, with the exception of the *Short History of England*, was published before he was forty. The bulk, and certainly the best, of Mr. Shaw's work was published after he had passed his fortieth year. A critic comparing the two

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writers ought to remember that Mr. Shaw's work is mainly that of a mature man, whereas that of Mr. Chesterton is mainly the work of a young man.

II

Gilbert Keith Chesterton is commonly known as a writer of paradox. He is something of a paradox himself, for he is half-Scotch, half-French, and wholly English. This paradox is not any more startling than the fact that yellow and blue, when mixed together, become green. England is half-way between Scotland and France! He handles paradox very skilfully, but there are times when he imagines he is making a paradox and is only making a pun; and there are other times when he is merely making nonsense. He states in a book called *What's Wrong With the World* that "the prime truth of woman, the universal mother" is "that if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly." That is a singular paradox! I can understand a prime truth which declares that a thing is worth doing, even if it be done badly, but I cannot understand a prime truth which seems to make a merit of bad workmanship.

Elsewhere in the same book, he says that "submission to a weak man is discipline. Submission to a strong man is servility." The proper commentary on that paradox can only be made by a soldier. I can assure Mr. Chesterton that the discipline of a weak man is the nearest approach to tyranny I know, and it flies to pieces in times of great distress. Your strong man can hold thoroughly frightened men to their manhood with a word and a wave of the hand, but your weak man demoralizes them with the fretful tyranny which he calls strength. The submission of strong men to a weak man may be called discipline, but it would be better named self-assurance. But in the field itself, when authority and strength are needed, that weak man is quietly pushed into the background, and the really strong man, although he may be a private soldier, takes command. One can, of course, pick holes in many of Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes in that manner, but it is profitless to do so. Our work now is to discover what is of value in his doctrine and to describe what is unsound in it.

Roughly, one may say that Mr. Chesterton stands for the

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common man against the very clever man. He believes more in the People than he believes in Particular Persons. As he himself would say, he trusts Man more than he trusts any man, a statement which reads better than it sounds. He believes in tradition, even in legend, which is the wisdom accumulated by Man, not out of his mind so much as out of his experience. He believes in the institution of private property, provided that the property is widely distributed. In other words, he believes in what is called Peasant Proprietorship. He does not believe in Progress as Mr. Wells, for example, believes in it, and he will tell you very emphatically that the common man was happier in the Middle Ages than he is to-day. There are times when it seems to me that Mr. Chesterton's "common man" is as mythical as the "average man" of the newspapers and the "economic man" of the economists; and I am very dubious about the happiness of the poor people of the Middle Ages. It would be foolish to carry one's doctrine too far, but if there is anything in this theory of Man deriving wisdom from experience, surely it is reasonable to suppose that human beings, having discovered a means of living which ensures some comfort and security to them, will not easily be deprived of it. Mr. Chesterton asks us to believe that the "common" man permitted the rich lord to rob him of his rights almost in ignorance of the fact that he was being robbed of them. It is just as probable that he was ignorant of them because he never had them.

Mr. Chesterton believes, too, in what he calls "the ancient and universal things" as against what he calls "the modern and specialist things." He has invented a theory which establishes man as the great specialist and woman as the great amateur, and he would keep woman out of the polling-booth, not because the vote is too good for her, but because it is not good enough. He demands that the woman shall stay in the home, not for the Teutonic reason that she is inferior to man and must work in a narrow area, but for the Chestertonic reason that she is capable of more varied work than man and can only find adequate range for her variety in the broad dominions of the home. "Women were not kept at home," he says, "in order to keep them narrow; on the contrary, they were kept at home in order to keep them broad."

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The effort must seem to many persons to have been a singularly unsuccessful one, but Mr. Chesterton will have none of this sophistry. "I do not even pause to deny that woman was a servant; but at least she was a general servant," he asserts; discovering in her "generalness" a virtue where others would discover only a certainty of incompetence and muddle.

> If drudgery only means dreadfully hard work, I admit the woman drudges in the home, as a man might drudge at the Cathedral of Amiens or drudge behind a gun at Trafalgar. But if it means that the hard work is more heavy because it is trifling, colorless and of small import to the soul, then, as I say, I give it up; I do not know what the words mean. To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, banquets, labors and holidays; to be Whiteley within a certain area, providing toys, boots, sheets, cakes and books; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching morals, manners, theology and hygiene—I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I cannot imagine how it could narrow it. How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the Rule of Three, and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to everyone, and narrow to be everything to someone? No; a woman's function is laborious, but because it is gigantic, not because it is minute. I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task; I will never pity her for its smallness.

I have quoted that extensive passage because it is a good example of Mr. Chesterton's style and his thought. It is a mixture of soundness and unsoundness, in which the two things merge so imperceptibly that there is difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. It is not easy to see why the stenographer, travelling to an office every morning at the same hour by the same underground railway, and typing more or less the same sort of letter for a specified number of hours before she returns every evening by the same underground railway to the home from which she set out in the morning, should be more broad-minded than the woman who stays at home performing a variety of jobs; and perhaps Mr. Chesterton is justified in his faith by the fact that the stenographer is most eager to escape from the office to the home by the way of marriage.

Nevertheless, I suspect that the home is not quite the broadening influence Mr. Chesterton declares it to be, and Mr. Chesterton himself provides me with the ground for my suspicion. To be Queen Elizabeth within a certain area may be enlarging for the

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mind. To be Whiteley (or Marshall Field, in America) within a certain area may be enlarging for the mind. To be Aristotle within a certain area may be enlarging for the mind. But to be Queen Elizabeth *and* Whiteley *and* Aristotle within a certain area is paralyzing for the mind. The stenographer who does one thing every day, has time to think of many things: the wife and mother who does many things every day has time to think of nothing. I do not believe that the stenographer, who accepts the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood, regards the drudgery of them as an unparalleled opportunity for exhibiting her versatility; and I have observed that the people who are most keen on such "modern and specialist things" as labor-saving devices, are just those women who, in Mr. Chesterton's judgment, should be most reluctant to accept them.

III

His praise of the "ancient and universal things" at the expense of the "modern and specialist things" leads him to say that

> If a man found a coil of rope in a desert he could at least think of all the things that can be done with a coil of rope; and some of them might be practical. He could tow a boat or lasso a horse. He could play cat's cradle or pick oakum. He could construct a rope-ladder for an eloping heiress, or cord her boxes for a travelling maiden aunt. He could learn to tie a bow, or he could hang himself. Far otherwise with the unfortunate traveller who should find a telephone in the desert. You can telephone with a telephone: you cannot do anything else with it.

He disparages the hot-water pipe in order to exalt the open fire. He argues that "the ancient and universal things" can be turned to many uses, but that the "modern and specialist things" are strictly limited to one purpose.

There may be much in his argument, though his examples hardly support him, but how much is not apparent. Take the case of the man in the desert who finds a coil of rope, and compare him with the man in the desert who finds a telephone. Mr. Chesterton begs us to observe how happy is the former compared with the latter, but is he one-half so happy? The absorbing passion of a man's life in a desert would be the desire to get out of the desert as quickly as possible. How far would a rope help

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him to realize his desire? He could not tow a boat or lasso a horse because there would not be any water on which to tow the boat or any horse to lasso. If there were a horse to lasso it would either be wild and unrideable or private property. He could play at cat's cradle with the rope if it were not a rope at all—if, that is to say, it were twine; and perhaps this would help to pass away the time before he died of starvation. He could pick oakum if he wished to un-rope the rope and had never been to prison to discover what a loathsome job oakum-picking is. But he could not construct a rope-ladder for an eloping heiress or cord her boxes for his travelling maiden aunt, because the eloping heiress would not be eloping in a desert, and his maiden aunt would hardly be packing her trunk in the Sahara. He might be able to tie a bow. He might even be able to hang himself, though that is doubtful, for trees are not prolific in deserts. But I cannot see what comfort he would derive from either of these accomplishments.

To sum up, a man in a desert with nothing but a coil of rope between him and civilization would be in as complete a state of isolation as it would be possible for a man to imagine. How different would be the case of the man in a desert with the despised "modern and specialist" telephone! For he, finding a telephone, would instantly be able to communicate with other people and to direct them to his rescue. If he were anxious to hang himself, he could more effectively do so in the neighborhood of a telephone than in the neighborhood of a coil of rope, for where there are telephones there are generally telegraph-poles!

Even in the case of the open fire and the hot-water pipe, as much can be said for the "modern and specialist thing" as can be said for the "ancient and universal thing," and in some instances, more can be said for it. We get a cheerful glow from an open fire that certainly is not to be got from a hot-water pipe; but Mr. Chesterton must have noticed on many occasions that whereas one gets tolerably toasted on one side by an open fire, it usually leaves the other side cold. Thus a man, on a wintry night, sitting before a fire, may be too warm in front, and half-frozen behind. But a hot-water pipe creates an equable temperature in a room and leaves a man warm on all sides.

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IV

He is a nationalist and therefore opposed to imperialism. His belief in peasant proprietorship flows naturally from his belief in nationalism. He defends peasant proprietorship in *Irish Impressions* because he believes that a country controlled by peasants will survive long after more majestically-governed nations have declined and fallen:—

> I do not know how far modern Europe really shows a menace of Bolshevism, or how far merely a panic of Capitalism. But I know that if any honest resistance has to be offered to mere robbery, the resistance of Ireland will be the most honest and probably the most important. . . . It is where property is well distributed that it will be well defended. The post of honor will be with those who fight in very truth for their own land.

Now, here we are on very debateable ground, as debateable as his statement that "honor is a luxury for aristocrats, but it is a necessity for hall-porters," which is surely an obscure rendering of the entirely commercial statement that "honesty is the best policy." Honor is not honor when a man uses it merely because it is profitable to him, and I cannot see much virtue in him who fights for his land simply because he owns it. Honor is admirable when it brings not profit but loss to the man who wears it. Virtue is in the man who fights for his country though he does not own an inch of it. And here I come to my objection to Mr. Chesterton's beloved peasant proprietorship, the cause of my dismay at the thought that my own country of Ireland may soon be controlled by small farmers.

It is true that a peasant will fight desperately for his own piece of land, but he manifests a sturdy reluctance to fight for another man's land; and I cannot understand why Mr. Chesterton regards his determination to hold on to his property as more "honest" or more "honorable" than the determination of a Victory bondholder to get the last cent of interest out of the taxpayers. Peasants, no less than other men, in fact more than other men, have itching palms, and it is sheer sentimentalism to describe as "honest" or "honorable" behavior in them which is denounced as dishonest and dishonorable in a stockbroker. It is true that Lenin's schemes collapsed completely before the resistance of the Russian

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peasants, and that his plans for the nationalization of everything failed to include the principal thing of all, namely, the land; but Mr. Chesterton will hardly maintain that the Russian peasants had disinterested motives in offering this resistance to Lenin. He may, indeed, insist that their motives were entirely interested and base his case for the Distributive State, as Mr. Belloc named it, on that very interest. But a nation should be something more than a crowd of peasants digging in the earth for their personal profit, and when Mr. Chesterton commends his peasant proprietors to me, I ask not for the signs of their interested behavior, but for the signs of their disinterested behavior. When he tells me that the peasant will fight for his own land, I ask him whether the peasant will fight for his neighbor's land? When he tells me that the Irish peasant will resist the attempts of the Bolshevist to communalize his land, I ask him whether the Irish peasant is equally ready to defend the French peasant from Russian aggression? Mr. Chesterton declares that France had claims on the gratitude of Ireland. Did the Irish peasant farmer remember those claims on his gratitude? Or did he find it more convenient and profitable to ejaculate, "Yah, dirty atheist, go and fight your own battles!" In deriding the idea of empire, Mr. Chesterton says in this book of *Irish Impressions* that "the British combination" is "more lax and liable to schism" than a combination of peasants. I do not believe there is any truth in this statement, particularly when I remember that "the British combination" held together for five years in circumstances that might have been expected to shake it to pieces. Let me give an example, out of my experience during the War, of the way in which the Imperial idea rallies men to its support to their own loss. While I was being trained to be an officer, I shared a hut with twenty-five other men. Between us, we represented every part of the British Empire. The twenty-six men in that hut included Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen and two Irishmen (one of whom was an Orangeman, and the other, myself, a Home Ruler). In addition to these, there were two Australians, a man from New Zealand, two men from Canada, two from South Africa and a couple of men from South America, one a Spaniard and the other the son of English parents. Many of these men had travelled for thou-

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sands of miles at their own expense in order to join the British Army. They were volunteers. I would like to see the community of peasants that would travel ten yards to defend anything but their own personal property, except under compulsion.

When I cited this case to Mr. Chesterton some time ago, in controversy with him, he replied with characteristic amiability that Serbia was a community of peasants, and that Serbia had fought in the War. When I asked whether Serbia would have fought for Montenegro, he replied that she had done more than that, she had fought for "the wholly invisible bond of all Christendom." But Serbia did nothing of the sort. She fought for herself because she was invaded. That was a perfectly proper thing to do, but there is no comparison between it and the behavior of men responding at their own cost to the Imperial idea, although many hundreds of miles away from the place of argument and under no compulsion to go to it.

The truth about a peasant civilization is that it is a mean civilization, in which mean virtues compete with mean vices, and the small and local thing is esteemed above the big and world-wide thing. There are many defects in empires, even in one so loosely-bound as the British Empire, but although those who control an empire are often guilty of cruel deeds, there is at least this to be said in their defense, that they honestly believe themselves to be possessed of greater wisdom than those whom they oppress, and do desire in their stupid fashion to govern them for their good.

On the whole, freedom may be defined as the right to choose; but that definition must obviously be subject to limitations. There is a sort of wild and woolly democrat who believes in the right of uninstructed persons to choose wrong. It is not a right in which I believe. Mr. Chesterton thinks, not without justification, that the common man can choose in a right manner. If his creed were confined to that clause we could accept it with heartiness, but there are times when he seems to think that the common man chooses aright because he is a common man, and he leaves us with the impression that he can never quite forgive Magna Charta because it was won by peers, and not by peasants. He seems not to realize that if Magna Charta had depended upon peasants, it would never have been won.

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V

But he helps us to keep a balance. His service to us is that when we are inclined to run frantically after the superman, he reminds us of the existence of the common man. If he were not so well-padded with flesh, I should describe him as the skeleton at a feast of supermen, reminding them that even a superman can be a fool.

There are times, indeed, when his faith in the common man undergoes a sea-change, and he utters sentiments that might be spoken by Mr. H. L. Mencken, who cannot abide the common mind. In one of his essays, Mr. Chesterton says, "I certainly would much rather share my apartments with a gentleman who thought he was God than with a gentleman who thought he was a grasshopper." So would Nietzsche. But I doubt whether the Early Christians would have approved his preference. They, who were ready to pronounce all flesh to be grass, would not have found anything incompatible with their faith in a gentleman who regarded himself as a grasshopper. They would certainly have considered his rival in misapprehension to be a blasphemer. And if Mr. Chesterton would fail to find pleasure in the company of a man who believed himself to be that fairly attractive, though monotonous, insect, how much less pleasure would he derive from sharing his apartments with a man who believed not only himself, but all men, to be worms?

He is personally the most kindly and agreeable of men, in whom the one virtue commonly ascribed to fat men, that of good nature, is most highly developed. His anger is almost completely impersonal. His pardon is on the heels of his condemnation. The sins of jealousy and hatred are unknown to him, and he seems to be without the power of resenting things done to himself. It is a tribute to the charm of his character and the equability of his temper that his stoutest admirers are those who most vigorously combat his views, and that most of his friends are men who do not share any of his views, except perhaps the only view that matters, the view that an ill deed must be exposed and a wrong put right. He is Don Quixote in the body of Sancho Panza.

St. John Ervine.

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THE MEXICAN AS HE IS

BY CARLETON BEALS

"FRIENDS, let us follow the cross; and if we have faith we shall conquer."

Such was the motto of the black and crimson banner, emblazoned with the cross and the coat of arms of Carlos Quinto, King of Spain, which Cortez and his little band of five hundred soldiers planted upon the ramparts of Chapultepec Palace in the capital of the mighty Aztec Empire. That hour began the domination in Mexico of the Roman-Spanish Church and State, and the decadence of all that was great and good in native Indian civilization. That hour came into being in Mexico "the red man's burden," a burden which has become heavier during the many centuries of foreign occupation, foreign intrigue, and devastating civil wars.

Ultimately the future of Mexico will depend upon the future of that eighty-five per cent of the population that can neither read nor write; of that thirty-eight per cent of pure Indian population, 2,000,000 of which cannot even understand Spanish; and the almost fifty per cent of mestizos with mixed Indian and foreign blood. The solution of "the Mexican problem" must include the regeneration of this great mass of ignorant, starving and disintegrated humanity.

The Mexican is a composite of Indian, Oriental and White: small-boned, spare-limbed, short of stature,—rarely more than five feet six,—with straight black hair, round face, prominent cheek bones, black or deep brown eyes, and a stringy moustache drooping over a somewhat sad, sensitive, full-lipped mouth and weak chin. He is furtive, evasive, distrustful, especially before a person of the higher class or a foreigner; but warm-hearted, impulsive, expansive, and childishly generous if he finds that such a person is *simpático*.

His dress is a synthesis of the Spanish and Indian. He wears a Brobdingnagian sombrero as broad as a baobab tree, on the brim

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of which he carries his immediate necessities and more treasured worldly possessions. This hat he will have if he has to pay twenty or thirty pesos, wear *huaraches* or sandals, and go hungry. Next in importance are his tight-fitting trousers, preferably of leather, otherwise of cotton. How he gets them on or off is a mystery. The chances are that they stay cleaved to his body until necessity requires their replacement.

To this general make-up is always added a touch of color by a bright kerchief triangled about the neck, and a flaming red serape flung across the shoulder—one of the most picturesque ensembles to be found among the world's costumes.

The poorer women of Mexico are rarely decently clad; their cotton dresses are ragged and dirty. Black is the color affected, accentuating the sorrow of the land in which they live. Even their scarfs or *tapalos* are black, although one occasionally sees a dull blue or brown *rebozo*. Generally they plod along barefooted and dejected. Always the best goes to her "man," her husband, her lord, her master.

The dress of the Mexican is a reflection of his economic status. Under the various régimes that have so quickly "flourished and faded" in Mexico, the peón has discovered that he can live as comfortably in idleness as by toiling long, soul-deadening hours. He will be as likely to be hungry and in rags when he labors as when he does not. He is not the first in the world to have discovered that fact, and in his case it is a happy discovery in that it corresponds to his racial temperament.

For from ten to fifteen hours of work he would earn under the Díaz régime about fifteen cents. When I left Mexico some months ago, the laborers in the government parks received but seventy-five cents a day; less than the fifteen cents in the time of Díaz, for the prices are as high in Mexico as in the United States, if not higher. With good luck a Mexican can steal as much as that in a day, and certainly can make as much peddling fruit or papers. Even trade workers, such as painters, carpenters, etc., receive but a dollar and a half a day. I talked with a *cargador*, who for twenty-five cents had carried my two-hundred pound trunk on his back some twenty city blocks, asking him how he found life. He told me he had been a tailor under the Díaz

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régime, but that he could make more now, carrying such heavy loads, than at his trade. The bakers work fourteen hours, although the Constitution says that night workers shall work only seven hours, and receive but seventy-five cents to a dollar a day. Girls in cafés have told me that they work from fourteen to seventeen hours a day and receive but the equivalent of $7.50 a month. Knowing these conditions, one has more respect for the lazy man and the bandit—they are both economic products.

And yet, where the peón has a patch of ground to call his own, —and that is all he asks,—he becomes a hard worker. Wherever I have traveled among the people of Mexico who have their own lands to till, I have always witnessed the greatest industry. The husbandman is off before daybreak, takes his meal of cold tortillas and cheese in the fields, and does not return until long after sundown.

The home of the Mexican, where such economic standards are the rule, can readily be imagined. Usually but one room for an immense brood of dirty, half-naked children—a dark, windowless, unfloored, damp room, where one or two faded prints of the Virgin and the Christ are usually the only decorations. The furniture consists of a few broken stools, a rickety table, some home-woven mats for beds, and blocks of wood for pillows—nothing more. For dishes, a few crudely-made earthen bowls and pitchers; for cooking, a tin charcoal brazier, and its inevitable partner, the stone *metate* for pounding out the maize. Food and bones are thrown on the floor to the mangy, flea-bitten dogs; the place is infested with lice and rodents; and disease reaches out its scrawny hand of death from every corner.

His diet is a starvation diet, the diet of his Indian ancestors before him, but less in quantity: corn *tortillas*, flat, unsalted cakes of half-baked, mashed corn; *frijoles*, or Mexican beans; and *pulque*, the drink given to him by his ancient Indian gods. This is his diet, meal in and meal out, year in and year out. Occasionally he has a cup of coffee, usually without milk or sugar; occasionally he substitutes, if he is in the country, meat or cheese for the *frijoles*. The amounts of each are insufficient. The Mexican is chronically underfed, chronically suffering from malnutrition, and constantly the prey of disease. The death rate of Mexico

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City, climatically the healthiest spot to be found anywhere, is 42 per thousand, the highest in any large city in the world.

His family life, however, is usually happy—perhaps because of its care-free and irresponsible hand-to-mouth character. Yet his wife is virtually his slave. She must do his bidding without question, and she prides herself on her submissiveness and subjection. He may curse her, beat her, have open relations with three or four other women, and she not only has no legal redress, but would not for a moment think of seeking any. The marriage tie, at best, is loose; few peóns ever have enough money to pay for a wedding ceremony. Getting married is living together, and is quite the moral thing to do. Yet the man may leave his wife in the lurch with half a dozen children, and return after many years of absence, and she will take him unquestioningly back to her heart! She has no independence and no importance, except to serve as man's slave and minister to his desires.

Thus the Mexican peón's life, aside from the bare facts of animal existence, is limited. Yet his few moments of relaxation, his amusements, are important factors in determining his character and outlook upon the world.

In a great measure, the spiritual, social, and recreational life of the peón revolves about the church. Nearly all his holidays are church *fiestas*. These hark back to the old Church holy days of feasting and jollity.

On such a day, José goes first to mass, wedging his way in with a huge, eager, ragamuffin throng. If it is Guadelupe day, the day of *the* Virgin of Mexico, the roads for miles will be converted into endless rivers of bobbing sombreros. From every side pour in the crowds of rollicking peasants, some on burro-back, some on foot, some on their knees; all converging towards Guadelupe, the religious Mecca of the country, hurrying to the lofty cathedral that pierces the tropic, turquoise sky above the green, mountain-rimmed bowl of the Valley of Mexico.

Once inside the cathedral, our José faces the symbols of Aztec glory and Spanish power, for the Church of Mexico is a synthesis of both. The stone arches swell to majestic height above the massive columns, impressing the poor peón with his insignificance and impotence, and the awfulness of God. In the dim light the

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solid gold and silver balustrades and glistening chandeliers gleam with a heavy, barbaric splendor; great dull copper tablets engraved with Bible verses line the walls; old saints peer down with a sad, paternal look from rich, faded paintings. About a Mexican cathedral one senses a certain Oriental richness and mysticism, a certain Egyptian massiveness.

Before the awe of the greatest Church of the world, and the grandeur and grotesqueness of its Aztec antecedents, poor, torn José cringes, with a shaking taper, on his knees before the gorgeousness of the high-flung altar. With real and honest worship he watches the tall, but fat, heavy-set, big-jowled priest, in his robes of ermine and purple velvet, pass among his tatterdemalion fellows, collecting hand-kisses and pennies; past a poor woman who, without the least sense of embarrassment, nurses her babe at her naked breast; past the boy who munches peanuts as religiously as he recites his prayers; past the great unwashed that knows more of catechism than of soap.

With the drone of the chants, the swelling tones of the full-voiced organ, the sonorous surge of the litany, the peón's emotion masters him, and he bursts into tears. Finally he places his taper beneath his favorite saint, drops two or three days' wages into the pittance-box, and passes with his shaken soul into the sunlight of God.

Outside he thrusts his way through the rotting, blear-eyed beggars, and past the hundreds of clamoring street-venders. A new feeling possesses him—he sheds his emotions easily. The rest of the day is for pleasure.

Most conspicuous are the gambling joints. They announce their presence garishly to eye and ear. From their interiors bursts the rollicking thrum of marimbas. Within may be discovered any number of skin-game contrivances, arranged to appeal to the imagination and the deep-rooted gambling instincts of the Mexican. In such a place, José will spend the remainder of the morning, feverishly watching the ebb and flow of his coppers.

At noon he will probably buy his dinner from one of the tag-rag women, squatting by the curb, cooking over a low charcoal fire, her hands and arms streaked with soot and dripping with yellow grease. Crouching down in the gutter, his back to the swirling

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eddies of dust, a little earthenware bowl of *frijoles* or some greasy, brick-colored stew, he hastily devours the contents with the aid of a corn *tortilla*, fashioned in the shape of a trowel.

In some *pulquería*, some festively painted saloon, bearing the name of "The Dance of the Gipsies," or "The Promenade of Venus," he will take his place in the midst of the hilarious throng of men, women and children, happy and dirty. Here José will dance and play the afternoon away over a floor slippery-wet with spilled *pulque* in an atmosphere sweetishly sickening from its stale smell, heavy with tobacco smoke, and foul with vile talk. As the day lengthens into night the fun grows more hilarious, the licentiousness more unrestrained, and then the drinks go around faster. And our José drinks; drinks until he has absorbed his share of the 375,000 litres of *pulque* that are sold on just an ordinary day in the Mexican capital; drinks until he can assure himself that all's well with the world.

On another day, however, he will probably attend a bull-fight, where he will witness three or four horses gutted and a bull baited into madness and rage. You will hear him shout: "*Que bonia!*" —"How fine!"—or "*Mire, mire!*"—"Look, look!"—at each most bloody lunge of the horns or the matador's blade. Indeed killing in its various manifestations must be enumerated among the Mexican's amusements—or at least the telling of killings. Start any Mexican upon such a theme and you will soon become convinced that somewhere he has a private graveyard of dead enemies. For there is a bloodthirstiness about the enjoyments of all classes, a delight in the over-sensuality of emotions—a heritage from Spaniard and Aztec.

The Aztecs and other tribes had their bloody, religious human sacrifices, sacrifices witnessed by tens of thousands of frenzied people. One need but recall the terrible sacrifice that took place during the reign of Ahuizotl at the completion of the lofty teocalli of Mexico City. At the first streaks of dawn a long, sacerdotal procession wound slowly, and in state, up and up the steep sides of the temple to the huge sacrificial stone, a mammoth convex block of jasper, where six priests with long matted locks, flowing Medusa-like over their black, hieroglyphic-covered robes, awaited the wretched victims. One by one these were

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sacrificed before the eyes of the breathless multitude below. Five priests held the head and limbs, while the sixth, clad in a blood-red cape, slit open the breast with a sharp razor of *itztli*, a flint-like lava, and, thrusting his hand into the body, tore out the palpitating heart. With a mighty gesture it was held up towards the sun, and then flung smoking at the feet of the terrible war-god, Huitzilopochtli, whose repulsive shape towered above the prostrated masses. Every day until dark, for four long days, every day until priests and the stones on which they stood were reeking with blood, the sacrifice continued. The Spanish abolished these practices, but replaced them with massacre, inquisition, and bull-fights. Thus Mexican bloodthirstiness is the product of Aztec and Spanish character.

Yet the Mexican is fundamentally a weak, inoffensive person. This is one of the contradictory traits of his inexplicable character. His cruelty, his love of violence, flashes up, like powder in a pan, as an atavistic trait, in reaction to his continued passivity during hundreds of years of oppression and tame submission. In most parts of Mexico, depending upon the race and historic circumstances, this cruelty and bloodthirstiness is not an integral part of the Mexican's character. Far more pronounced is his air of long-suffering endurance, his meek, furtive aspect, as he apologetically treads the plains of his ancient patrimony, his ancient empire, his Mexico.

This then is the Mexican lower class at work, in its homes, in its temples, and at play. The picture is not a pleasant one, but is at no point overdrawn. José has inherited most of the evil traits of two races, and few of the better traits except in a latent form.

These last, in spite of the Mexican's historic degradation, in spite of his ignorance, his terribly low economic standards of living, still find chance expression, and are the most admirable traits of man. At present he is a child in thought and action, a savage in civilization; but though he may never respond to the slogan of efficiency, his southern emotionalism, romanticism, and sensuousness can be turned into good channels just as readily as they can be perverted. That his temperament has produced strong leaders, thinkers and artists, has already been proved in the history of the world and his own country; but it will rarely produce them under

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a system of exploitation that degrades the individual and harshens his life until it issues forth in deeds of moral perversion.

But in spite of all, the Mexican has a love of poetry and a love of music that ought to be the envy of the average American. He has an abiding, almost religious sense of beauty. However humble his circumstances he will try to find room for a few flowering plants, even if he has to build a garden in the air. Traveling the full length of the Tamazula River, I saw, along its rocky banks, at nearly every peasant's door a rude flower-box, elevated on stilts to prevent its destruction by stray pigs and chickens. These poor peasants had gone to this effort although they had to eke out a starvation existence by cultivating corn on the sides of mountains so steep that they have been known to fall off into the valley below. The Mexican has a deep love for color. I once heard a little bare-foot Indian girl speak of the colors she liked best. It was a treat to watch her enraptured face as she rolled the words, "*azul, azul, azul,*" lispingly over her tongue in luscious memory of some shade of blue that had taken her fancy.

Above all the Mexican is generous, and he is very sympathetic. Where an out-of-the-way village still retains its early Indian customs and still possesses its *ejidos* or commons, you find the people industrious, as I have said, but also careful and thoughtful, ingenious, and of true coöperative spirit. What one *vecino* has, the other shares. No man goes hungry, no man lords it over the others. This trait of generosity is widespread. I have seen a poor, tattered soldier, earning sixty cents a day, out of which sum he had to feed himself and perhaps wife and children, give a shivering old woman ten *centavos* with which to buy coffee. These are the nobler human virtues.

The Mexican, peón or aristocrat, is invariably courteous and gentle, especially to strangers and foreigners. Once sitting in the plaza of a small mountain town, I was honored by the leading citizen coming forth to offer his assistance, his house, and fund of local information—because I was a stranger. Passing villagers stopped and asked me from whence I came, where I was going, how long I intended to remain in town, and always their questions were accompanied by an offer of friendship and assistance,

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an invitation to a meal, a proffer of a cigarette, a flower, or an orange—because I was a stranger in their midst.

But people that are starving, people that are broken by war, cannot continue to love poetry, to love music, to love beauty; they cannot continue to be generous, courteous, sympathetic or loyal. Yet somehow the nobler traits of the Mexican José must be salvaged, redirected and made a creative power for the rescue of himself and his country. His future is the future of Mexico—that richest, most gorgeous, most charming and colorful land of time, wrapped in the romance of tears, of history, of the South; to-day, brooding Sphinx-like, lazily . . . dreamily . . . hopefully . . . beneath its clear, tropic skies; tomorrow, flaming with strife and discord, its whole national life swept into the maelstrom of armed conflict, of galloping cavalry, of bivouac and battlement. Yet even the maelstrom is picturesque, even the Zapatistas clatter into the capital with flowers on their guns!

But picturesqueness, dreams, hopes, are not bread; nor are these, or armed revolution, remedies for alleviating the misery of the peón; for ending his centuries of abasement; for elevating his social and economic standards to the level of those of the civilized nations.

CARLETON BEALS.

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CULTURE AT DINNER

BY STARK YOUNG

It was early twilight just before the dinner hour when I went into the garden and saw him there. He was standing by the wall, with one hand resting on it, looking out across the Fontebranda at the Duomo, whose black and white spaces now were buried in shadow and golden light. He was a young man, twenty perhaps, almost tall, fair, with a white, sensitive face that had long been beautiful with an intense ideal of living. I could see that as I stood in the doorway looking at him. And I could see also a hint of confusion somewhere about the eyes, a kind of glorious blur, a touch of the vagueness that might be in the face of a sort of academic young saint. He looked strong, athletic; but one of those strong Anglo-Saxon bodies that any fine dream can blow away. Plato, Francis Thompson, I figured, and perhaps the choruses of Aeschylus, would be his favorite reading.

He told me, when we fell into a conversation, that he had finished college, Yale, great old place, that spring. And now travelling? Yes, with rather a definite purpose. He had felt the limitations of his education; he felt that he needed more horizon. That he had talked and studied and been lectured to about so many things that were still all in his head and meant nothing as a part of his real development. He wanted an international quality added to what he had. Not so much study and art perhaps, but seeing people, social contacts. And to see the things of Europe through the eyes of people, of men and women. And so he thought it would be a good thing to come to a pension like this, where he might be on more direct terms with a group of people that hailed from all parts of the world. In a hotel it might take longer or never happen. He meant to visit in this way a number of pensions.

He had what he meant clear at least. I stood there listening

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with a sinking heart, for I was going over the list of guests who sat at our board just then. Perhaps this young seeker after culture had his own vision that he had brought with him and was ready to throw it over anything. But in case he had not, what then? The people who were to be at the table began to pass before me in the light of those young eyes I looked into.

The best of the lot was Signorina dell'Orto, and even at that my young friend would have to learn to know her. She was a new note ahead of him, that was true, but he would have to stretch for it. Signorina dell'Orto was a short little woman of fifty, who wore a short plain skirt, a man's collar and coat and cravat, and pulled her hair straight back. After meals in the drawing-room she smoked a cheroot. She was very intelligent, and had been the tutor for the Czarina and for German and aristocratic families for twenty years before the war. She had been interned in Italy for a year on account of her free speech on the subject of the Allies. And for a Florentine she was unusually abrupt.

With her was her friend, a Miss Holtz, of twenty years' standing, as Miss Holtz loved to say, very German, long, tall, with prominent teeth. Between forty and fifty. Musical, rather maidenly, and flat.

At the head of the table sat a New York artist, with clear sharp features and white hair, alert, cool, like a cameo steeped in vinegar. Besides her were two Englishwomen in shirt waists who never said anything. Next to them came the young scion of a very old Roman house, but though he dressed very smartly, he had at the time a cracked head in a bandage, where a *Socialista* had hit him with a stone during the last riot. He too said nothing, but ate in silence. At the Roman's right sat Miss Ross from Birmingham, who ate almost nothing but biscuits which she brought with her to the table. She was one of those English daughters who have been slaves to noble, aged fathers; but he was dead now and she was left with an income, a dozen photographs of him, and several rings that he had given her on occasions. If she had been a little less simple and dull and crochety one might have blamed the father more for having blotted her out so completely. But she was a gentle creature who was al-

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ways trying to divide her English jam and tea with someone whether it was wanted or not. There was besides an Italian doctor who was about to marry, and who had such strict views on the position of women that he had engaged an extra room upstairs where he and his wife were to dine apart from the men at the table. He believed on the whole in the harem system more or less, and said that women should be locked in, which enraged the New York artist and the English ladies to outbursts that were fortunately beyond their supply of Italian.

And finally, all the way round the table, at the artist's left, came Professor and Mrs. Jurden, from one of the two great universities of England. Professor Jurden was a very tall man, sallow, and very hesitant in his speech. He spoke so slowly in fact that his wife used to tap him on the back to get him through it, in spite of his saying always, "Darling, how often have I asked you not to do that?" He had served in India in some sort of forestry work, and during the war in South France hospitals, where he had won a number of small bronze medals, but had completely ruined his health. He spoke in a smothered voice with very impure vowels, and always as if his teeth were sagging and he feared to lose them if he left off holding down his upper lip. His wife was tall, thin, and wore her hair with a front of curls. She spoke in a voice that she considered to be very soft and elegant, though as a matter of fact it had lost all its bottom tone and sounded all breath. She and her husband disapproved of Italian cooking, exactly as they regarded Italians as cheats and liars, and went in for a vegetarian diet. At every meal she appeared at the table bringing cheese and a quantity of green stuff, lettuce, parsley, cress and so on. Outside their rooms I used to see sometimes in the morning a waste paper basket filled with strange leaves and stalks for the maid to carry away, as if they kept asses or goats privately in their quarters, or were some secret creatures that browsed at night on plants and herbs.

I passed these guests of the pension through my mind in review as I stood listening to that boy from Yale with his beautiful face and fine dreams. I wondered what the dinner might be as I thought of what it had too often been.

A long golden shaft of light was falling on the wall of the room

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when we took our seats at the table. It struck the old faded walls and touched the yellow hair of the new-comer, who had been assigned a place between Miss Ross and the Roman. But the golden sunbeam proved no good augury, as I had hoped; for the dinner began impossibly from the first course. Spinach and eggs, but not enough of it. There was never quite enough of anything, which was the incentive that kept us all exact in our knowledge of what everyone there ate. The artist, out of pure vexation at the sight of the small quantity of food, took twice as much as she wanted. The Roman when his turn came emptied the dish. Was there more? Mrs. Jurden asked. Maria, the maid, who was stupid and afraid of her mistress too, said that she did not know. Complaints arose. Maria returned with another platter one-fourth full. She brought a dish of sliced salami to patch out. Dell'Orto said scathing things, for she knew the padrona's wiles. To change the tone of the occasion, for my countryman's sake, I asked Professor Jurden how his Italian lessons were coming.

"But I am not taking lessons," he replied. "My wife is having them. I have a method I have devised for myself."

"What is that?" I asked, for I was having strenuous discipline under a priest, the author of a grammar.

"I am translating Shakespeare into Italian. I figure that way I'll get a good vocabulary as well as learning the language in my own way."

"To begin with Shakespeare without knowing any Italian!" I exclaimed, astonished. I asked only, "And are you putting it into verse also?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, are you trying to reproduce the verse of the original?"

Professor Jurden looked at me puzzled for a moment. His wife tapped his back.

"Darling, I asked you not to do that. Why, is the original in verse?" he asked, turning to me.

"Why, yes," I answered, "how do you mean?" I thought that there must be something that I had missed in his question.

"I didn't know that Shakespeare's plays were in verse."

"But of course not *all* of it is in verse," I helped out, like a

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foolish, good American; "a good many of the speeches are in prose."

"Ah, that's probably why I never noticed it."

I looked at my idealist; he kept his eyes on his plate.

"I find Italian exceedingly easy," Mrs. Jurden observed; "I regard my progress as most encouraging."

At this the Signorina dell'Orto, who hated the Jurdens, turned to them. She understood some English but could not speak a word.

"*Cosa dice?*" she asked encouragingly.

Mrs. Jurden undertook to put into Italian her ideas about the easy progress one made in the language. Her remarks were, in the main, pauses and incredible mistakes, but the Signorina was able to gather the general idea. Her face flushed red.

"Oh yes," she began in a great, man's voice, "the Italians will tell you that you are speaking very well. Don't believe them. I am always bored at these lies. A foreigner murders our language, but an Italian will say, 'Ah, you speak very well; you speak very well.'" She imitated the tone. "Well, I don't do it, I assure you. You just let an Italian go to England or Germany and you'll see. If he tries to ask a question in English they're so stupid they don't understand a word of it. They just look and say Baa, like fools." The Signorina made a sound like a sheep and twisted her head to one side. "Italians are too polite. It makes me furious."

"What a temper they have!" Mrs. Jurden said to the New Yorker.

"Well," I thought, with my young dreamer in my heart, "he is learning. So much for cosmopolitan culture and politeness."

The Signorina dell'Orto was cooling somewhat now, for Mrs. Jurden began to make conciliations and to smile down from under that front of faded curls, but the Signorina had not yet finished what she had to say.

"The difficulty in English is the pronunciation, which is so unintelligent. There is no way of learning it except as one does in a nursery, by hearing it. No rules, no anything but individual cases. How does one use one's mind in such an affair? And the grammar, well, it's simple enough for a child in arms. Italian

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has a grammar. Difficult, yes; but intelligent. It demands intelligence to create and to use Italian grammar. You have no grammar in English."

Miss Ross looked up with no little asperity, for her.

"I'm sure I don't know what she means by that," she said sharply, "I had a very good grammar."

The nature of this remark was so weak that even Mrs. Jurden saw it. A silence fell and lasted through the salad. Finally the New York artist, to improve the quality of the occasion, spoke to the young man.

"I'm sure you will find many delightful walks around Siena," she said. "Only this morning I was at San Francesco. The altar piece there is very interesting."

"I expect to find Siena very interesting," he replied in a conventional tone.

"And," Miss Ross added, gently, "there are two charming walks, one near Fontebranda and one toward Girasole. They are quite my favorites. I always take them. They are so like English lanes. Really Italy is lovely, isn't it?"

I had no wish to look into the eyes of the Yale lad; but I stole a glance as we rose from the table. He was smiling bravely, trying to find his way through this new cosmopolitan world that he had been dreaming such fine things about. The Signorina had taken out her cheroot and led the way to the drawing-room. I lingered a moment over my Vin Santo and then stole away up the little side stair to my room.

Through the closed shutters I could see the boy standing again by the wall. His hand rested on it and his face was turned toward the Cathedral, on which one last light rested now, at the very top. I had not enough courage to join him. But I stood there hoping that he was one of those impenetrable idealists on whom the world makes no dents, who are never willing to believe that the actual can be true. Still the fact remained that the international culture at that dinner-table had been rather actual. But, I thought, with Francis Thompson in my mind, the chambers in the house of dreams are filled with so divine an air that it would be a pity for these moths, however cosmopolitan, to get in. Or at least the first lesson might have been less stringent and whole-

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sale. *L'idéal n'est que la vérité à distance*, I knew from Lamartine. But how far? At how far distant must the ideal be?

But as I stood there with my head against the shutter, meditating, I saw Mrs. Jurden appear and engage him in conversation.

"Look, just look, do you see?" she said. "The light on the Duomo, how charming it is. I should call it yellow, would you? No, not exactly yellow. Well, orange. A sort of greyish orange. There, just at the top, do you see? How romantic Italy is! Are you going to stay long? Of course one longs for England. But we must have the change of climate. Look, do you see? I can't say I like the stripes in the Duomo, do you?"

Mrs. Jurden had fallen into that particular brand of scenic monologue that English ladies sometimes indulge. I saw the face of the boy turned quietly toward the Cathedral above the shadows of the Fontebranda. He was getting architecture through her eyes.

STARK YOUNG.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

REFLECTIONS OF A VISITING BRITISHER[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When Mr. W. L. George, the distinguished British novelist, author of *The Second Blooming*, *A Bed of Roses*, and other admirable fictions, was stopped on the stairs Somewhere in America (he does not say exactly where) by a colored chambermaid who bluntly asked him a rather searching personal question, Mr. George was charmed. The occurrence seemed to him both picturesque and delightful, and an evidence of the existence of true democracy in the United States. The mere American, reading of this edifying event in Mr. George's new book,—a sheaf of "random impressions of a conservative English radical," as his sub-title describes it,—is entitled to feel some degree of perplexity. Presumably Mr. George was stopping in a hotel. It must have been somewhere in the East, the South, or the Middle West—for Mr. George kept away from Wyoming, Colorado, and other such negligible parishes. So his democratically curious chambermaid may have stopped him on the stairs of any hostelry in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Hartford, Worcester, Atlantic City, Savannah, Dayton ("that little city so monumental for its size"), Pittsburgh ("smoky, sullen"), Columbus ("spacious and gray"), "little Evansville, so elderly and quiet," Omaha ("big, grim, and wedded to utility"), Chicago ("savage, vainglorious, where, in the short space of 22 months, 16 policemen were murdered on duty," where "there were 200 more divorces in one year than in the whole of England and Wales"—Mr. George did not care for Chicago), or in a dozen other communities. It is very tantalizing not to know more. It seems unlikely that Mr. George, an eminent visiting Englishman, who, as he tells us himself, was entertained with "lavish magnificence" in

[1] *Hail, Columbia!* By W. L. George. Harper and Brothers. New York: 1921.

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America,—taken about in motors to the opera, to the theatre, to country clubs, shown "the famous view over the valley," offered a choice of casaba melon or honeydew,—it seems unlikely, we say, that a visiting foreigner moving upon so hedonistic a plane should have found it necessary to stop at the kind of hotel where democratic colored chambermaids stop you on the stairs and question you about your affairs. It is really extraordinary. Why should the colored chambermaid have cared? It seems to us that the kind of person who asks you such blunt and imperative questions betrays an autocratic and regal, rather than a democratic, temper. We do not believe, in fact, that Mr. George knows a democratic chambermaid when he sees one.

Mr. George made an equally egregious error, it seems to us, in appraising the American woman, and the American attitude toward love. Mr. George gazed upon the countenance of female America, and concluded that her features are "more marked" than they are in Europe—"that seems to me," he says, "the definition": "the eyes are larger, the lips much thicker or thinner, the chin and jaw lines more pronounced"; everything, in short, is "more emphatic." This cheerful generalization presumably takes into account the American woman who is the granddaughter of a Polish Jew as well as the one who is the granddaughter of an Adams; the American who is the granddaughter of a Dublin emigrant, as well as the American who is the granddaughter of a Swede; the American whose ancestors occupied deck-chairs on the *Mayflower* and the American whose mother milked goats in the Pyrenees.

Mr. George in his modest and persuasive preface disclaims generalization; yet that is, it often appears, his favorite method of estimation and comparison, Hear him, now, upon the exciting theme of Love among the Americans. How do Americans love? Very differently, you find, from the way Europeans love. Le Bon Dieu, when, on some off-day, he created the Americans, equipped them, it seems, with instincts, imaginations, anatomies, quite different from the European model. Mr. George's theory postulates an American whose emigrating grandmother, a Kilkenny milkmaid, looked upon love as "a natural desire for intimacy with a person of the other sex"; then, somewhere between Queens-

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town and Ellis Island, this notion of love suffered a sea-change; and, forty years later, the granddaughter, keeping company in Rahway, N. J., with Llewellyn Smith, the local druggist, exhibits "certain peculiarities in the conception of love." She does not, we learn, regard love, as did her enlightened grandmother, as "a natural desire for intimacy with the other sex": she has built her conception of love upon a phrase—a phrase that is distasteful to Mr. George: "the Divinity of Sex." He says it is a phrase that he cannot understand. Neither can we. Moreover, we have been in Rahway; we have met druggists; we have met granddaughters of Irishwomen; we have heard much talk about Sex, and a little (not much) about Divinity: but we have yet to hear such a phrase as "the Divinity of Sex." We have known love to be regarded as "Divine," of course; but that is a peculiarity not of American lovers, but of all lovers in the first flush of lyric exaltation—a spontaneous expression of their quaintly generous tendency to impute to God whatever seems too wonderful to have originated in the heart of man. If Mr. George really discovered here a wide use of the phrase, "Divinity of Sex," (which we refuse to believe), we are disposed to agree with him in regarding it as a foolish phrase; though we know less about the operations and the limitations of Divinity than Mr. George does, and less about the nature and origin of the emotion of Sex; though it seems to us that if Divinity had or has anything to do with human life, there is no valid reason for supposing that it has no mandate over sex,—sex being, as even Mr. George would admit, a valid function of human life. If it could be proved to us that the lovers of Rahway actually do talk about "the Divinity of Sex," we should still deny that the fact sets them apart from the lovers of Kilkenny; and we think it a bit thick on Mr. George's part to assume that the operations of the instinct of sex, and the way people feel about it (as distinct from the nonsense they talk about it), are one thing in Europe, and a different thing in America.

We find Mr. George, indeed, rather naïve in most of his reporting. He listened to some yeasty suburban chatter from a "young lady" at "a small but high-browed gathering" who, as quoted by Mr. George, discoursed as follows:

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YOUNG LADY: "Mr. George, I'm just crazy to know what you think of Miss May Sinclair."

MR. GEORGE: "Well . . . "

YOUNG LADY: "What I like about Miss Sinclair is—her sense of the universal cosmos. Now in my home town in Oregon they want to know just what you think."

MR. GEORGE: "From the—"

YOUNG LADY: "If you think she coördinates the analyses of the psyche of her characters, then what I want to know is how she correlates the theory of the moron with that of the urning. . . ."

[*She continues.* MR. GEORGE *is later discovered concealed in the refrigerator.*]

Perhaps Mr. George really supposed that such crude and disingenuous satire would entertain the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, wherein his "random impressions" were first published. But if the audience of that excellent periodical, who were brought up on the writing of Thomas Hardy and Henry James and W. D. Howells, were amused by Mr. George's heavy burlesque, we renounce our respect for them. If, however, Mr. George really believed that he was faithfully reporting the kind of talk that is characteristic of what he calls "literary circles" in America, he is not only more naïve than we had supposed, but he causes one to wonder who it was in America that took Mr. George around, and where they took him, and why? He refers somewhere else in his book to "the well-educated American woman" whose conversation "runs more than is comfortable on French literature, Claudel, Marcel Proust, Paul Fort." But this sort of American woman, says Mr. George, "embarrasses the Englishman for two reasons: one of them is that he is accustomed to talking to women about plays, games, holiday resorts, etc., or, if he belongs to a more evolved type, of love. The second reason is that he is not accustomed to being told what the woman thinks; he is accustomed to tell her what *he* thinks." Therefore, the American woman who talks to him of Claudel and Paul Fort seems to him a disconcerting freak, and the one who talks gibberish about "correlating the theory of the moron with that of the urning" is "an instance of what can happen to a woman who has taken in her culture in too large doses and too fast." Upon which one can only comment: Is it then so strange a thing in England to meet women who read and think, and can discuss Claudel and

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Paul Fort? And are words like "moron" and "cosmic" and "coördinate" and "correlate" and "psyche" terms so strange and abstruse that they suggest merely parody and guffaws to Englishmen as remote from illiteracy as Mr. George? Or is all this simply Mr. George's response to his conception of the requirements of magazine humor?

Many other oddities of American civilization impressed Mr. George. He was surprised to find that in clubrooms and at parties men call each other "Tommy" and "Ogden" and "Jake." This struck him as "superficial," though he is "sure that the American male friendships are very strong,—strong, at least, so far as male friendships go." (Are "male friendships," you wonder, uncommon in England? We did not know it.) Mr. George was also amused by the fact that in America "a dentist is called 'doctor,'" and that corporations have "presidents" and "vice-presidents." But he was confronted by American peculiarities more gravely arresting. A woman's club which had applied to him for a lecture date refused to engage him because his photograph exhibited him in a dressing-gown which exposed his neck. Mr. George should have known better than to send an obscene photograph to a woman's club. Where did he think he was: in ancient Pompeii or Alexandria or Gomorrah? And what should an Englishman talk about to an American woman who possesses "an active, prehensive mind within an attractive form"? The poor perplexed devil meets "a woman in the middle twenties"; her skin is clear and beautiful; she is well-manicured; she wears "an attractive frock of chiffon, which is not crumpled"; she is "a woman with whom he feels he ought to exchange some sentimentalities, this being the thing to do." Only he does not know how to begin. She is too serious, too interested; she seems too aloof from these natural things—including "the better employment" of "those well-cut lips that are wasting their time in discussing psychoanalysis." Should he begin with an epigram of Bernard Shaw's? Or with Bergson? Or Pragmatism? Or should he "plunge, and talk of love," getting back to "the firm ground of his intersexual concept"? One's heart goes out to Mr. George. What, you will ask, *did* he do? Well, he asked an American man for advice, having concluded that there he would

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find knowledge concerning "the emotional temperament of the American man's country women." But the American male, "being on that day in a cynical mood instead of in his normal state of rhapsody," gave Mr. George (he tells us) "advice which I cannot reproduce here." We call that a shabby trick on the part of Mr. George. The male American knew the answer to that engrossing question, and he told the answer to Mr. George: yet Mr. George (warned, perhaps, by the memory of that over-exposed negative from the woman's club) secretes the answer beneath his licentious dressing-gown.

Many things in America, however, gave pleasure and satisfaction to Mr. George. He liked the "immersion heater" which enables you to warm your cup of coffee by dipping a stick of metal into the fluid; he liked the electric warming-pad which will relieve an ache in "any part of yourself"; he liked the mail-chute outside your bedroom door on the thirty-sixth floor of your hotel, the dropper that comes attached to the cork in the bottle of eye-lotion, the electric potato-peeler, the protective cardboard in the newly-laundered shirts, the barber-shop that is "a Mohammedan paradise," the hotels with their drug-stores, stockbrokers, osteopaths, candy-stores, notary publics, doctors, safe-deposits; he liked the night-shift of stenographers, enabling you to get out of bed at three in the morning and summon "a cool, tidy girl" who will take down your letters. This perfection of mechanical civilization solaced Mr. George. He is willing, apparently, to find compensation for the lady who had swallowed too much "culture" and was impervious to aphrodisiacs, by contemplating the satisfactions of the stenographic night-shift. "O Lady, we receive but what we give!" said Coleridge; and that is still dishearteningly true.

All in all, Mr. George is gracious, tolerant, benign, sympathetic. He is even embarrassing in certain of his tributes—as when he assures his own countrymen, in a passage full of nobly indignant protest against the bigotry of the more stupid type of English visitor, that "a few dinner-parties or week-ends in American homes would show the Englishman that America has a gentleman class akin to his own,—in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Virginia, even New York,—which did not come over last week,

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which does *not* struggle for money, does *not* ask personal questions, does *not* boast." Undeserved rewards, as Meredith remarked, are exquisite. But this is overwhelming. Mr. George is alive, of course, to our deficiencies. The American male, as a type, struck him as being, where women are concerned, both forward and backward—aggressive in trifling ways, timorous "when the situation grows intense." For example, "he will use a chance opportunity in an elevator, but will not create one in the street, as if he were afraid of something." But Mr. George says nothing which leaves us to infer that he is pessimistic about the future growth in the sexual predaceousness of the American male. We are still a young people, and there is hope.

Mr. George likes us, but he will not come to live among us. He is too old, he says, to change—too set, too European. But what could be more generous than his peroration?—If, he says, "I had to be born again (as I was born) of a family that had no influence worth anything, no money, no lineage—if I had to make my way again (as I had to) against difficulties such that at the age of twenty-five all I possessed was a hundred dollars of debts, well . . . in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations I should have felt that there was only one place for a young man who wanted to tear from life full value for his efforts; in spite of all temptations I should have been born an American."

What could be handsomer?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

WHATEVER may be the ultimate solution of the Irish problem, one striking feature of it is impregnably established for the consideration of the world, which will doubtless have much weight with all impartial observers. That is, the significant part taken by General Smuts. It seems only a few years ago that he was perhaps the most implacable foe of the British Empire then living. To-day he is one of its foremost champions and supporters. Having led and confirmed in loyalty to that Empire the people whom he once led in hostility to it, he has lent his commanding prestige and diplomatic genius to the task of intervening similarly to confirm in imperial loyalty another people, alien to him, whose conflict with Great Britain was ancient before the Boer States were founded. Yet nobody in the world regards him as inconstant or inconsistent. We should search far in the world's history to find a comparable example of courageous and enlightened statesmanship.

The unusual character of the weather during much of this year's spring and summer, coinciding with the appearance of exceptionally large sun spots, has given rise to renewed speculation upon the presumptive relation between the two phenomena, and upon the influence, other than mechanical, of the sun upon human life. It is one of the commonplaces of science that we receive light, heat and power from the sun. But we have now come to realize that solar radiation is much more than mere illumination, and that the much-ridiculed "blue glass" fad of a generation ago was in fact the adumbration of great scientific truths. Every photographer knows the striking difference between red rays and blue rays, in their effect upon various chemicals, and physiologists and therapeutists are now pretty well agreed that certain rays, notably violet and ultra-violet, have

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specific effects upon the nerves and other tissues and organs of the human body. It is rational to suppose, then, that the occurrence of the stupendous phenomena known as sun spots, by materially changing the composition of sunlight and increasing the component proportion of certain actinic or other rays, may powerfully affect human health and life; and that thus instead of being merely the mechanical source of light, heat and power, the sun may be the source of vital influences, making for physical life or death, and even of influences profoundly affecting the mental and moral activities of man. It was not through mere chance and guess-work that "solar myths" were made the basis of so many religious systems and beliefs in ancient times.

No appointment to the Governorship of the Philippines would have commanded or deserved more general or more unqualified approval than that of General Leonard Wood, who in that place will have an opportunity to do a work comparable at once in difficulty and in importance with that which he so successfully performed twenty years ago in Cuba. It will, however, in an essential respect differ from that earlier work, and will resemble rather the doings of Lord Durham in Canada and Lord Cromer in Egypt, with which his Cuban labors have often been compared, not to his discredit. He went to Cuba to prepare that island for the independence which had been irrevocably pledged to it in the very act of war which set it free from Spain. He will go to the Philippines to govern lands to which in that same act of war no promise of independence was made, but which were on the contrary understood to be perpetually brought under the possession and sovereignty of the United States. The same wise, firm, sympathetic statesmanship which triumphed in the one case may well prove equally successful in the other.

The long notorious and unfragrant case of Bergdoll the slacker reveals new elements of the sordid and humiliating at every new step. The worst of it, as revealed by the report of the Congressional investigation, is not that American citizenry should have comprised such a creature as Bergdoll himself, but that a former Acting Judge-Advocate-General and two Colonels of the United

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States Army should be not only suspected but officially charged with conspiracy to aid and abet him in his disgraceful crime. It is a reminder that a service generally so true and noble is after all composed of common mortals, not always exempt from the turpitude of an Arnold or a Wilkinson.

The ill fortune which attended the first appearance in this country of the French lawn tennis champion, Mlle. Lenglen, was of course most unwelcome to her countrymen, and has provoked comment upon the extraordinary series of defeats which French contestants have this year suffered. It is recalled that the grand prizes of horse-racing and of motor-cycle racing were won by Britons, that a Belgian bicyclist won the Tour de France, that an Italian won the swimming championship on the Seine, and that Americans won in rifle shooting, in the dog show, and in the prize fight, preceding this latest victory in the tennis courts. Yet is France not without consolation. At least she won the Verdun Handicap and the Grand Prix of the Marne.

The movement for a radical revision of the British House of Lords is again to the fore, with a prospect that presently that historic Chamber, to which the Anglo-Saxon world on both sides of the Atlantic owes Magna Charta, will be transformed from an hereditary to an elective basis. The important point in the whole matter is, however, not so much the constitution of the House as the fact that a Second Chamber is to be retained. Indeed, the logic of the change will be that the House of Lords will be confirmed in its status with increased authority. That, from the American and democratic point of view, is sound policy. We have recently had in our own political history an impressive example of the value of a Second Chamber in the National Legislature, and the need and value of such a body are no less in the United Kingdom than in the United States. Never, indeed, was the need of it there greater than at the present time, and never, happily, were the character and ability of that Chamber of the British Parliament higher than at the present time. Indeed, considering the large proportion of its members who have been appointed to it for sheer merit, regardless of birth or wealth, we

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may question whether there is another legislative body in the world quite comparable with it; or at least comparable with what it may become through a judicious winnowing of its membership.

The application of our new law for the restriction of immigration has provided another strong argument for the transfer to the other side of the ocean of a large part of the work of the Immigration Bureau. It has long seemed desirable, for many reasons, that the examination of would-be immigrants, as to their physical, mental and moral fitness, should be conducted at the ports of embarkation, rather than at those of entry to this country. It is obvious that in many respects such examination would be more easy and at the same time more effective there than here. Now it also seems desirable that the restriction of numbers should be applied over there rather than here. Recently it was announced that several hundred aliens who had arrived at New York might be forbidden to land, and be sent back to Europe, for the reason that the legal quota of immigrants from their countries had already been filled for the current month. It seems to be a clumsy, costly and unjust system, to let aliens flock hither, only to be turned back again, either because of unfitness or because there are too many of them. It would be cheaper and better for us, and very much better for them, to have them stopped at the ports of embarkation.

The new revenue bill adopted by the House of Representatives is expected to decrease the burden of taxation by about $800,000,000, to shift much of the remainding burden so as to make it easier to bear, and to provide a revenue of $3,200,000,000. Such a measure is stupendous; almost comparable with those of our late allies in the Great War. Its satisfactory working and its fulfilment of its expectations must of course be earnestly desired. Unfortunately it is not free from imputations of having in part been inspired by political rather than by purely economic considerations. For some of these there may be some foundation. It would be a miracle if so elaborate a measure, prepared by a political body, were entirely free from such reproach. But it is probable that it is or will be charged with far more political bias than

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it really contains. When a writer of national prominence in one of the most widely circulated of periodicals makes the unqualified assertion that all tariff laws are necessarily political and not economic, we need not be surprised at any other stupid brutality of partisan criticism.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Scott has provoked not a little discussion of his merits as a novelist, or as a writer of historical romances; and has elicited from various criticasters a flood of flippant flings at the "Great Wizard of the North." It is recalled, too, that Mark Twain, who was assuredly no mere criticaster, in one of his ebullient fantasies suggested that Scott wrote no English that was not slovenly, involved, poor, thin or commonplace, that he showed no real fire, that he had no heroes and heroines who were not cads and "caddesses", that it was "impossible to feel an interest in these bloodless shams, these milk-and-water humbugs", and that no one could now read him and keep respect for him—which for all the world reminds us of Swinburne on Byron, or of G. B. Shaw on Shakespeare. The fact stands, however, that several of Scott's novels rank to-day, as indeed they always have, in the very forefront of the "best sellers", and that many of his characters and incidents have become a part of the intellectual furniture of the race.

The Joint International Commission on the St. Lawrence River improvement scheme reports that at a cost of $252,000,000 a thirty-foot ship channel can be constructed from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, from the dams along which 1,464,000 horse power of electrical energy can be developed. Much opposition to the scheme has been aroused and expressed, however, on the ground that such a waterway would divert traffic from the Erie Canal, from the port of New York, and from other ports on our North Atlantic coast. It is possible that it would have such effect. But the proper and most effective opposition to it would be expressed not in mere words but in the enlargement of the Erie Canal to similar proportions and the development along it of a similar volume of energy. It would be discreditable in the extreme, to our own business acumen, for us to refuse to go into

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the international project, and yet neglect to execute a similar project of our own, and incidentally to let a million horse-power run to waste while we are burning millions of tons of coal to do work which would actually be better done by waterpower.

Mr. Hoover's insistence upon his own conditions under which aid would be sent to the starving Russians, has happily been quite inflexible, as it had need to be. It is one of the most damning indictments of the Soviet system that, having consciously and unquestionably brought upon Russia the most appalling economic disaster in the history of the world, it strove to prevent the giving of relief to the millions threatened with death, unless it were permitted to pervert the beneficent act into propaganda for bolstering up the infamous system which was the cause of all the trouble. History records no more inhuman proposal than that the relief sent to the starving Russians should be distributed on political lines, given to Bolshevists and withheld from anti-Bolshevists; unless it was that the food should be given to the strong and well, and withheld from the weak and sick, who should be left to perish as not worth saving. There is encouraging ground for hope that the catastrophe which has befallen Russia will prove to be the inevitable Nemesis of those who have precipitated it, and that with the relief of the famine Sovietism will be overthrown.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CLERAMBAULT. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Katharine Miller. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

To Romain Rolland, the inflamed patriotism caused, in France and elsewhere, by the Great War is nothing more or less than a terrifying symptom of the submergence of the individual in the herd. Under the influence of the herd spirit, primitive passions take on a false spirituality which leads men to their destruction through a fanatical heroism. In his own poignant fashion, the author describes the inner experiences of Clerambault, idealist, humanitarian, poet, who is swept away in the current of popular hatred of the common enemy, Germany. Clerambault's warlike mood is, however, merely one of the ever-recurring efforts of human nature to escape from its difficulties and limitations by letting itself go in some direction. "This affectionate, tender-hearted man hated, loved to hate." Apparently unable, like so many of us, to face facts dispassionately, and to act or think vigorously without the stimulus of emotion, he could not find a way of resisting brutality without becoming (mentally) brutalized. It is a sad fact that we cannot have fighting—even in a just cause—without hatred. "His intelligence, which had always been thoroughly straightforward, tried now to trick itself secretly, to justify its instincts of hatred by inverted reasoning. He learned to be passionately unjust and false, for he wanted to persuade himself that he could accept the fact of war, and participate in it, without renouncing his pacifism of yesterday, his humanitarianism of the day before, and his constant optimism." All this was the insidious and poisonous effect of the prevalent crowd spirit.

Clerambault, in this aspect, is surely pitiable enough, and it cannot be doubted that the general inference which the author means to have us draw from his plight is correct. The worship of a community is just a perversion of religion, to which certain minds turn in despair of finding God. The community is at least a living reality! But the community is worshipful only when it is right, and it is right only when it embodies the will of God. The community is obviously not the final reality, and the final reality is what we must worship if we worship anything. In this day of mingled realism and humanitarianism, it does not seem in the least clear to many persons that altruism without spirituality is an idle and insipid thing, and that the deification of a half-spiritual, half "real" thing like a nation, a cause, or a society, is a dangerous folly.

At least two profoundly ethical thinkers, while in a measure recognizing and patronizing the popular desire to find God or the Kingdom of Heaven in the

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community, have attempted to spiritualize the community-concept. In order to justify his ideal of the "Beloved Community," Josiah Royce was constrained to attempt an interpretation of all reality in terms of some sort of social relationship. Felix Adler, in his system of ethics, makes the *interdependence* of souls the basis of right action. Both these conceptions get rid of the notion of a personal God and substitute a relationship between personalities. Whether either is finally more intelligible than the older religious "mythology," is questionable; but both are comparatively safe, because they recognize a spiritual element in human life. Not so the creeds and social theories which in some form or other idolize the group. Group mysticism as applied to government is obviously dangerous, and, curiously enough, it appears to have misled even those more or less cloistered thinkers who have insisted on finding the origin of poetic inspiration in the "festive throng."

But is individualism (on the other hand) anything more than an extreme protest against the herd instinct? Is it not clear that individualism, even the most sincere and disinterested individualism, may be baneful? The way of salvation discovered by Clerambault is the way of the individual conscience—the way of the Puritans. But, according to the Puritans, conscience was a sure guide to the will of God, and the sole interpreter of the will of God was the conscientious mind of the individual Puritan. The results were not altogether happy. Clerambault's way is different, inasmuch as in temperament he is by no means Puritanical; but his principle is the same. He finds "freedom"—that great good—in preaching his courageous, sincere, pathetic pacifism, and he is made a martyr to his convictions.

May one have the hardihood to question, with Mark Twain, whether what we call conscience is a really comprehensive guide? What conscience says has to be filtered through the mind, and the mind is fallible. This is true of conscience in the most abstract sense of the word. What we *mean* by conscience may often be merely the demand to know what is absolutely right in order that we may be quite happy. Thus Clerambault seems never to doubt that there must, in the nature of things, be some course of action which will enable him to be at peace and to think well of himself in the midst of the most trying situations, the most heart-rending perplexities. Naturally he assumes that felicity is to be found through expressing and acting out his sincerest beliefs—those beliefs which it is most painful for him to check.

It may be suggested, nevertheless, that every person, however conscientious, is responsible for his own thinking. Sincerity does not excuse loose thinking except upon the assumption that a person does not know his thinking to be bad and cannot make it better. Whether this assumption is ever justified is doubtful. Conscientious behavior may not always make a man happy, but at least it saves him from the worst unhappiness and keeps fresh within him the hope of final happiness. Just so, conscientious thinking may not result in conclusions the rightness of which satisfies the soul, but it can preserve us from the worst errors even if the resulting action be tame and unheroic or merely

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conventional. One cannot help thinking that it may be only a higher kind of selfishness to want to feel "free" or "saved" or wholly at peace in a wicked world. It is a commonplace that the sincere fanatic may be more dangerous than the knave, and it remains true, as Socrates said, that the wisest man is he who knows that he knows nothing.

But it is not only the herd-spirit that M. Rolland dislikes. A grave danger, he thinks, lurks in our worship of abstract ideas. "Humanity does not dare to massacre itself from interested motives. It is not proud of its interests, but it does pride itself upon its ideas, which are a thousand times more deadly. Man sees his own superiority in his ideas, and will fight for them; but herein I perceive his folly, for this warlike idealism is a disease peculiar to him, and its effects are similar to those of alcoholism; they add enormously to wickedness and criminality. This sort of intoxication deteriorates the brain, filling it with hallucinations, to which the living are sacrificed."

Very true, if we mean by *justice*, for example, something absolute—"Justice" with a capital letter. It is true that the question, What is just? does not always answer itself; that the pursuit of the absolute ideal of justice may result in a kind of fanaticism—an unwillingness to compromise, even in the smallest particular, which is sometimes as deadly as hypocrisy. But does this show that *relative* justice is not to be maintained? Does it show, for example, that France ought to have submitted to German aggression?

It seems scarcely credible that M. Rolland's eloquent and searching study of the human heart in war-time is intended as an attack upon so vulnerable an idol as Militarism or Jingoism. If it has any larger significance, it is as a defence of pacifism. In this view, one cannot acquit M. Rolland of over-emphasizing half truths. This does not alter the fact that, as a novelist, he has depicted an individual soul struggle with a sympathy and with a ruthless penetration that hardly another modern writer could match. Who but Romain Rolland could have brought to light so gently yet so unsparingly the pitiable truth about those who, having given son or husband or brother to their country, cannot bear to have the idol of Country scratched, lest the sacrifice of their loved ones should seem to have been in vain? On the whole there is more real heart-stuff if not more mind-stuff in M. Rolland's book than in *Mr. Britling Sees it Through.*

MEN AND MANNER IN PARLIAMENT. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

It is a noteworthy and pleasing circumstance, of which both author and publisher naturally make much, that Sir Henry Lucy's comments on men in Parliament, originally published nearly half a century ago, gave Woodrow Wilson, then a student in Princeton University, his "first serious stimulus to political thought and investigation." This statement may, however, prove a trifle misleading so far as the generality of readers are concerned. One can

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conceive that a mind predestined for politics might absorb with avidity Sir Henry's Parliamentary personalities, finding in their very atmosphere a subtle stimulus. But when we are told that Sir Henry's resurrected book influenced Woodrow Wilson, we naturally think of Wilson the historian, Wilson the President, Wilson the defender of the League of Nations. Such a man, one supposes, would have been most affected by profound discussions of political philosophy; and the point is that this is just what Sir Henry's book is not. The title is accurately descriptive. It is not a discussion of principles, measures, or methods, but purely of men and manners.

Really, the book is not even, as one might suppose from a superficial description, a series of character studies. It is both less and more than this. Its unusual value lies in this: that it is in its final effect a portrait of Parliament rather than of men in Parliament. Its interest lies in the true Parliamentary and political flavor of the scenes and persons it portrays: the zest of the game is in it, and it is written by a connoisseur of things Parliamentary.

Those parts of the book which deal with Gladstone and Disraeli are in a broader sense critical and, if you please, instructive. But it is not here that the real charm lies. Does one weary of the rather slap-dash satirical style in which so many of these sketches are written? Not at all, for it is refreshing and doubtless it is good for the soul to get rid of the idea that political acts are, to quote Colonel Higginson, performed by a number of "dignified machines." Is one disappointed because a good deal of space is given to the analysis of men who in process of time have come to seem, relatively speaking, nobodies? By no means; for political types endure, and it is both gratifying and profitable to know that a man may be quite an egregious ass and a queer stick in several respects and yet at the same time be a respectable character and a useful member of society, as usefulness goes in this world of ours.

But as a result of these frank and unconventional sketches is not one unpleasantly disillusioned about the real character of Parliament and similar deliberative assemblies? It is true that Parliament, as Sir Henry describes it, appears to be made up largely of men seeking to make an impression, of men having an exaggerated self-esteem, of men possessed by fixed ideas. It is also true that the leading characteristic of Parliament as a whole would seem to be its extreme sensitiveness to boredom. But, no; one is not unpleasantly disillusioned. Sir Henry's observations are shrewd and apparently just—true at any rate to human nature. The real Parliament, as he shows it, is ever so much more stimulating a place than any ideal or Utopian assembly. It is a place in which men are tested, find themselves, appear finally in their true colors. It thus has the same sort of interest for us that life has. It is a place where personality counts, and by personality one means the whole man, his physique, his manners, his brains, and his morals. From the standpoint of historical study or literary pleasure it may be difficult to discover a pretext for finding Sir Henry's volume delightful and instructive, but delightful and instructive, too, it will undoubtedly prove to many readers.

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT PARIS. Edited by Edward Mandell House, United States Commissioner Plenipotentiary, and Charles Seymour, Litt.D., Professor of History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"We may take the partisan view," writes Isaiah Bowman, in his chapter on Constantinople and the Balkans, "that idealism faded and died, or we may take the view that here and there something was accomplished that was far better than the world had known hitherto." Perhaps the two views are not mutually exclusive. At Paris there was, it is generally felt, a shocking breakdown of idealism, and the world has not altogether recovered from the shock. But what was accomplished may prove of value. The latter, of course, is the view of the highly qualified experts who have contributed to the book, *What Really Happened at Paris.*

These writers naturally emphasize the difficulties inherent in the whole situation. In the opinion of the competent military authorities, it would have been unsafe to postpone the armistice. For all anyone knew in November, 1918, Germany might have held out for months, and continuance of the war might have meant a political revolution in every one of the Allied countries except the United States. The basis of the Peace was therefore virtually what it had to be. When the negotiations began, "each little country that had associated itself with the Allies against the Central Powers, demanded a place for its representatives in a scene adequate in dignity and impressiveness to the World War." Something had to be done for show and for the satisfaction of public opinion. But obviously business could not well be transacted in a huge debating society, and so the Council of Ten was inevitable. Inevitably, too, the Council of Ten was virtually shelved and replaced by the Council of Four. Japan, on account of its practical political importance, had to be given recognition while other Powers were denied it—there was no other way. When the actual question of boundaries came up for discussion, it was found practically impossible to draw these on truly national lines. What are national lines? Political considerations had to weigh with the leaders who necessarily decided the major questions. They decided them in secret, for "an attempt to realize at this time the ideal of 'open covenants openly arrived at' might readily have started another war, and would certainly have delayed interminably the agreement on terms of peace." Secret treaties stood in the way of ideally just solutions, yet something was accomplished in spite of them, largely through the work of President Wilson. All in all, it proved virtually impossible "to make a clear-cut distinction between what is right from the standpoint of ethnography, nationalistic sentiment, and abstract justice, and what is fair from the standpoint of economic advantage." As a result there were arbitrary decisions and unsatisfactory compromises—no end of them.

But it is unfair to suppose that no question was thoroughly sifted. The numerous special commissions of well-trusted experts labored hard, and much of their thought was embodied fully in the treaty. In dealing with this phase of the story, the authors have shown excellent good sense, and they have pro-

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duced a book that is informing, non-controversial, and well proportioned. They have told enough to convince, enough to disillusion, not enough to confuse. As might be expected, they stress the thought that under the circumstances no inconsiderable results were accomplished. If there is on the part of experts actually engaged in the work of peace-making a certain disposition to see results as large because their labors were large, nothing of this appears in their statements of facts.

It cannot be said that *What Really Happened at Paris* is an optimistic book. It is simply a statement of facts, embodying a common-sense view of the treaty. It is not an enlightening book in the sense that it anticipates or tries to anticipate the verdicts of history. There is in it no criticism of peoples, very little criticism of the leaders. All this is as it should be, for it enables the book to perform its true function—not that of enabling the man in the street to make head or tail of the peace problems, for that neither he nor his intellectual superiors can really do, but that of steadying public opinion and abashing hasty and over-confident criticism. Sometime, we feel, we must have the whole philosophy of the Peace—not yet. Meanwhile *What Really Happened at Paris* is perhaps as good a book as could be written on the subject. The names of its authors—including such names as Hoover, Lamont, Scott, Young, Mayo, and Bliss—are guarantees of knowledge, honesty, and sanity.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

M. BRIAND AND FREEMASONS

SIR:

In the September issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Stéphane Lauzanne writes: "There is something unheard of for a Government, composed sometimes of atheists or freemasons, to decide whether the merits of a priest do or do not fit him to become a bishop."

The impression conveyed by this sentence is as misleading as it is untrue. No atheist can be a freemason, and history does not furnish an instance when freemasons have ever attempted or desired "to decide whether the merits of a priest do or do not fit him to become a bishop." Freemasonry is too big a thing to concern itself with the promotions of politicians and ecclesiastics.

F. A. HALLENBECK.

Norfolk, Virginia.

[It is quite inconceivable that either M. Briand, who made the remark quoted, or M. Lauzanne, who reported it, or yet this REVIEW, which published it, had any thought of conveying the impression which our correspondent has strangely derived from it. Atheists and freemasons were mentioned not for identification with each other, but for contrast, as representing two opposite extremes of non-Catholicism. Precisely so in the very next sentence M. Briand spoke of "a Protestant or a freethinker," with no thought of suggesting that the two are the same. If we spoke of "summer or winter," would our correspondent think that we meant that they were one and the same season? —EDITOR.]

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION POLICY

SIR:

Mr. Hall's article in a recent number of the REVIEW will, I am sure, appeal to Canadians who are interested in the building up of their own country, one of the most important and vital factors of which is a sane immigration policy. You have your difficulties in this connection, as we in Canada have ours. As Mr. Hall points out, for years your flow of immigration was stimulated by the steamship companies. Nevertheless the immigrants were quite anxious to be so influenced, and gladly availed themselves of the opportunity which was provided by these companies. These latter only thought, and do so still, in terms of dollars and cents.

The same policy was adopted for a number of years by this country, and a

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concern was paid $5 a head for all immigrants. Our population was increased, and the party in power boasted of it. Unfortunately there arose problems that could not be settled in a moment, and these demonstrated the necessity of exercising discrimination, in allowing the entry of those who wish to settle here.

Within the past two or three years, our Immigration Department has formulated what might be termed a "policy." There are no hard and fast rules, and a great deal is left to the discretion of the Minister and his staff of advisers and assistants. While the acts relating to immigration in both countries have certain common features, the form of government does of course influence the nature of the legislation. Our act is by no means as voluminous as yours. Yet it contains all that is required for an effective administration of the law. There is one provision which invests the responsible Minister with very large powers. This is Section 38, in virtue of which what is known as "Orders in Council" may be issued, which are nothing more or less than extra-parliamentary legislation. For instance, an Order in Council was issued on November 29, 1920, whereby immigrants of the mechanic, artisan and labor classes, skilled or unskilled, were compelled to be in possession of $250 each as a condition of landing in Canada. Under ordinary circumstances, the amount required was only $25 during the summer months, and $50 during the winter months. Unemployment still being prevalent, this Order was on March 19 of this year continued indefinitely.

A very rigid discrimination is at present being exercised by the Immigration Department of this country. I think that the average Canadian would agree with Mr. Hall in his statement, that due allowance must be made for racial differences. Both the United States and Canada must endeavor, in pursuance of a sound immigration policy, to admit or give the preference to the races that will rapidly assimilate and become part of their respective peoples. The recent war demonstrated in Canada, at any rate, that those who jumped to its defense were men of the same stock who built up and made the United States what it is to-day.

One of the greatest perils confronting the United States, and Canada for that matter, is in the segregation of the foreign elements, that become the prey of the agitators and the unscrupulous politicians. These little colonies become hot-beds of sedition and discontent. It is impossible for those who belong to such groups or colonies properly to appreciate democratic institutions.

From what I have personally heard and seen of the enforcement of our own immigration laws, I have come to the conclusion that it depends not so much upon the law itself, as the tact, ability, patriotism and discretion of those who administer it. Canada is fortunate in having an immigration staff that possesses all these qualifications. The whole question of immigration was recently debated at great length in the House of Commons, and the Act was amended in several particulars, but its general principle remained untouched. Notwithstanding the criticisms directed at the Department, it came out with

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flying colors, and will continue the work it has done, which in the language of an American official is to hand-pick its immigrants.

BERNARD ROSE.

Montreal, Canada.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES IN GOVERNMENT

SIR:

Mr. George Sabine's recent article on "What is the Matter with Representative Government?" develops his thesis thoroughly, but fails of remedial suggestion.

This same subject has provided me many an hour's thought and the best answer I have found is to legalize this lobby form of government by creating a body composed of men frankly representing the trades. In this way our representatives would actually get some idea of the desirability or effect of proposed legislation.

I believe also that such a body could go a long way toward industrial peace. At first it would be best if such a body had no voting power. When I speak of representatives of the trades, I mean all in each trade, employers and employees.

H. L. HEPBURN.

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THE COURT AND THE PEOPLE

SIR:

In the September issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in an editorial relating to the appointment of Ex-President Taft as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, occur these words at the close: . . . "Yet we can recall no other Chief Justice who was so likely to apply the rules of reason and common sense to questions of legal interpretation, or to take into account the intent and the desires of the people."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a great magazine, and justly wields a wide influence, and it is unfortunate that it should by inference promulgate the doctrine that the Supreme Court, or its Chief Justice, could be influenced in the decision of a legal question by the "intent and the desires of the people." I am willing to admit that Justices of the Supreme Court may, and not infrequently do, in judicial decisions, take into account the intent of the law-making body; but it cannot be too often, nor too emphatically, declared, that in our system of government the "people" are not a law-making body.

When I write the word "people" I, of course, refer to the "people" of the United States.

In some states—Oklahoma for instance—the people have partial law-making power, by process of initiation, but the people of the United States have never asserted such power.

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The first Article of our Constitution recites that "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress," etc. These legislative powers of the Congress have at various times been enlarged, but never resumed by the people. So, it can be distinctly and definitely declared that the people of the United States have no law-making power of which the Supreme Court can take judicial notice.

I take it to be a fair presumption, from all the evidence at hand, that the makers of the Constitution in creating a Supreme Court intended placing it in an atmosphere beyond the reach of the waves of public sentiment, or public opinion, if you please.

If not, why were its judges to be appointed by the President and fortified by the advice and consent of the Senate? Why was the tenure of office to continue during the life of the incumbent? All of these things point to a court of law, divorced wholly and entirely from the ever changing currents of public opinion. Our Supreme Court, like Caesar's wife, must forever be beyond suspicion.

H. L. TRISLER.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

[We might take issue with our correspondent as to the law-making powers of the people of the United States. The Constitution was certainly "ordained and established" by them. Its very first Article and first Section, as quoted by our correspondent, is a grant of legislative powers by and from the people to the Congress. But it is not an omnibus grant of all conceivable or of all existing legislative powers, but only of certain specified powers. Obviously, all other legislative powers must have been retained by and must still be retained by the people.

The point of our paragraph was, however, that Chief Justice Taft was likely to be influenced in the making of interpretation not entirely by the apparent prescriptions of statute law but largely by broad and fundamental principles of equity—to regard the spirit as well as the letter of the law.—EDITOR.]

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